

FRANK LESLIE'S MUSICAL MASTERS

NEWSPAPER

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DELEGATION OF CHIEFS FROM THE PONCAH TRIBE OF NEBRASKA INDIANS.

THERE were in Washington, a short time since, three delegations of Indians—one from the Pawnees, one from the Pottowattamies, and one from the Poncahs, a tribe of Nebraska Indians. Each delegation was totally unconnected with the other. The Pawnees and Poncahs are ancient and hereditary enemies, but



WILLIAM SMITH.
TAH-TUNG-AH-MUSHI.

NAH-SHLA-MONI.

FRANCIS ROY.

WAI-GAH-SAHI-PI.

GEN. J. P. ROBERTSON.

GRH-TAH-WAH-GU.

U. S. INTERPRETER.
ASHMAN-NIKAH-GAH-HI.

DELEGATION OF CHIEFS FROM THE PONCAH TRIBE OF NEBRASKA INDIANS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.

while in Washington they eyed each other with as much polite unconcern as the same number of civilized "swells" would accidentally meeting at a fashionable assembly. Their appearance in the streets of the national metropolis and in those of our own city was picturesque, and suggested novel speculation. On one side was civilization, represented by the passing, busy, thoughtful crowd; on the other side was barbarism, displayed in its grandest form, in the persons of hostile tribes decked out in their wild and striking costumes—their red and blue blankets wrapped closely around them; their long straight black locks stuck full of eagle plumes, bound together by uncouth headgear of all shapes, colors and modes of manufacture; their ears overladen with ponderous rings; their necks adorned with necklaces of bears claws, artistically wrought together; their breasts and shoulders slashed with the scalps which they had taken from their enemies; their hands grasping the spear, tomahawk and the war club; and their faces, and sometimes their hair, daubed over with masses of red, blue, green and yellow paint, disposed in fantastic forms and patterns, in accordance with the rules of the only heraldry—such as it is—to which they are accustomed, and which amongst them is as much subject to law and ordinance of hereditary descent as the heraldry of griffins, boars' heads, lions rampant and bloody hands so common in the coat of arms shops in Europe, and, we blush to say, not totally unknown in Republican America.

The Poncah chiefs were five in number, fierce, stately, but melancholy-looking men, with natural dignity impressed upon their features and glancing from their eyes, which even the grotesque eccentricities of their dress and paint could not obliterate. These men were accompanied by an able interpreter—a border trader of white blood, who had in a long career of commercial intercourse picked up their language, so that he could act as a medium of word communication between them and their white friends. The head chief of the party, in reply to some remarks of the President, said that his party had come on to Washington to make a treaty for the sale of their lands in Nebraska, and to look with their own eyes upon their "Great Father," whom they judged from the splendor round him to be rich, and be visibly favored by the Great Spirit. They wanted to be taught how to be rich, and earn, like the white man, the favor of the Great Spirit, and be no longer poor. "We are," said one of them, looking the President full in the eye, "the children of the Great Spirit as much as you are. We have travelled a long way to see you. At first we travelled slowly. At every place we stopped we expected to find you. We inquired of the people, and they told us that you were a long way off. We have found you at last, and we are glad. We see by these things (pointing to the gilded walls of the room), that you are rich. We were rich in the days that are past. We were once favorites of the Great Spirit. The very ground on which we now stand (stamping on the carpet as he spoke), once belonged to our fathers. Now we are poor—very poor. We have nothing to shelter us from the cold. We are driven from our possessions, and are hungry. We have come to you to help us. The Great Spirit, through the mouth of our Great Father, will speak to us, and tell us what to do. Let us be rich like the white man, and be poor no longer."

The names of these chiefs are Nah-shka-moni, whose English name is M. P. Sera; Wai-gah-sah-ki, or Whip; Gish-tah-wah-gu, or Hard Walker; Ashman-nikah-gah-hi, or Lone Chief; Shu-kah-bi, or Heavy Cloud; and Tah-tungah-mushi, or Standing Buffalo. They are all without exception powerful men, standing six feet high, and very muscular. In addition to the usual ornaments, two wore large medals pendant from their necks; one representing Andrew Jackson, and the other Martin Van Buren. On the reverse side of the medals were two hands clasped and two pipes. From the worn appearance of this side it was evident that it had been always turned in against the breast, and the effigy of the "Great Father" carefully exposed to view. One of the chiefs, Tah-tungah-mushi, is a young brave, who, although only twenty-four years old, has already taken two or three of the scalps of his enemies. His costume was the most ornamental of any, being profusely decorated with spells, beads and the fur of animals, while a superb head-dress of eagle's feathers, tipped with crimson, surmounted his head. The chiefs were accompanied by the agent of the tribe, General J. B. Robertson, Henry Tintenelle, United States Interpreter, and Francis Roy, to whom we have already alluded as interpreter of the tribe.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

Parliamentary Summary from March 12 to 20.—House of Lords.—Lord Derby said that although he believed the Orange Lodges to be a misery to Ireland, he did not consider the fact of a man belonging to them as disqualifying him to be a magistrate. Lord Malmesbury announced the close of the discussion with France and the re-establishment of the *cordiale entente*. A debate arose on the late riot in Dublin on the entrance of the new Lord-Lieutenant—it was between the Protestants and Catholics—an inquiry is to be held—much hard swearing is expected on both sides. The Indian Loan bill was read a first time. Lord Brougham is making a stir about the Coolie trade, which, he says, is the slave trade in another phase. Lord Lyndhurst, on the 18th, called the attention of the Lords to the seizure of Cagliari by the British, and the Neapolitan Government in a triangular duel, the General being Sardinian, the engineers English, and the captors Neapolitan.

News for the Pennsylvanians.—A Pennsylvanian paper tells of a "lady of this vicinity," who three weeks before attended the funeral of her mother at three o'clock, was led to the altar a blushing bride at six o'clock, just three hours afterwards, "and now is making application for divorce."

Indian Heroes.—The son of Sir Henry Lawrence is to be made a baronet, with a pension of one thousand pounds per annum.

Turner, the Painter.—Mr. Thorntby, assisted by Mr. Ruskin, is progressing with a life of that great painter.

Literary Fund.—Lord Palmerston, fresh as a lark, is to preside on the 5th of May at the Literary Fund dinner.

London Chit Chat.—Carey's full-length picture of Elia Lamb is to be sold; it is an excellent likeness, but not a high work of art. Westland Marston, author of the "Patrician's Daughter," read at the Beethoven Rooms, on the 18th ult., his play of "Ann Blake." It drew together a large audience. There is a species of interest in a dramatist reading his own plays. Why does not our friend John Brougham read his last new play of "All's Fair in Love?" Miss Faunce is performing a round of her favorite characters at the Lyceum. At the Haymarket, Mrs. Wilkins, the widow of Serjeant Wilkins, has made a great hit as Constance in the "Love Chase." A new prima donna of great promise has arrived in London. Her name is Mlle. Wildauer. She has already achieved a great reputation in Vienna as a comic actress and a lyric artist. Her voice is a soprano of unusual compass and power. Admiral Ayler died on the 6th of March, aged eighty-two. Lord Clifford is dead; he was in his sixty-ninth year. Lord Braybrooke, who edited "Pepys' Journal" some years ago, died on the 13th, aged seventy-six. Sir W. G. Jackson, Bart., was murdered on the 18th of November by the Sepoys in Lucknow, aged twenty-three. He was in the service of the H. E. I. Company.

African Discovery.—The Livingstone Expedition has sailed for Sierra Leone. There has never been one so well appointed for this particular service, and the greatest results are anticipated.

Colonial Equality.—The Queen has directed that letters patent should be issued, declaring that the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, Bachelor of Laws, Doctor of Laws, Bachelor of Medicine and Doctor of Medicine, already granted or conferred, or hereafter to be granted or conferred, by the Senate of the University of Sydney, in the colony of New South Wales, shall be recognized as academic distinctions and rewards of merit, and be entitled to rank, precedence and consideration in the United Kingdom, and in the Colonies and possessions of the Crown throughout the world, as fully as if the said degrees had been granted by any University of the United Kingdom.

A Little Glass Bottle.—securely corked and sealed, was found in the Thames, at Charlton, a few days since. It contained a piece of paper, evidently torn from a leaf of a log-book, on which was written, "On board the Colorado, going down with a large leak. 10th March, 1843. John Barnton."

American Heroes.—Nova Scotia boasts of being the native land of Sir William Williams, of Kars, Major Walstro, Captain Parker, who fell in the Redan, and Sir John Borley Wilmot Inglis, the defender of Lucknow. The Legislative Council and House of Assembly have, "as a portion of the empire, and as Nova Scotians," voted an address, accompanied by a sword, to Sir John Inglis.

A Dangerous Precedent.—At midnight, on Saturday, a man went to the house of a Mrs. Vick, St. Thomas street, Portsmouth, and asked for an interview with Mr. Howard, a draper, who lodged with Mrs. Vick. Mr. Howard went to the door, when the man immediately placed some weapon (apparently an air-gun) to his breast, and discharged the contents. There was no report, but the shot passed through Howard's body, and he died in ten minutes. The assassin then decamped.

Taking it Easy.—Hawes Crown shipped on board the brig Helen Jane, of Boston, several months since, as steward. On the first day out, he was among the missing; it was supposed that he had fallen overboard, and another man was appointed to his duties. On arriving at Truxillo, Mr. Crown made

his appearance in the foredeck, and confessed that he had secreted himself in the hold the first day out, under the influence of delirium tremens; and for the twenty-two days following had lived on champagne, raisins, ham, &c., during sumpuously—and surreptitiously—every day. Of champagne he had consumed eight buckets. He was left in the hands of the United States Consul, and was to be sent home for trial.

English Foreight.—Orders have been issued from the Ordnance Office for the formation of a line of fortifications at Hillsborough, near Portsmouth, to be carried round to Port Cumberland; the creek at Fortbridge is also to be deepened and widened, to enable the gunboats to pass completely round the island. Orders have likewise been issued for the old 24-pounders, in the fortifications on the south coast, to be replaced by 74-pounders. It is intended to establish electric telegraph communication between the whole of the fortifications forming the south and eastern coast defences. A party of Royal Engineers have visited Sunderland, to examine the coast defences at that point, and have recommended the construction of a new battery at the mouth of the Wear. Great exertion is being used at Pembroke to finish the screw steam-figate Orlando, of fifty guns. This magnificent frigate will be the first launched of the half dozen ordered to compete with the monster American frigates. She is the largest frigate in the service, being about 300 feet in length over all. Two other first-class ships, the Revenge, 91, line-of-battle-screw, and Aurora, 51, first-class screw frigate, are also very much advanced in construction, and could be completed in a short time.

News for New Yorkers.—Under the head of "Horrible Disclosure," it is stated that one of the most fashionable dressmakers in New York turns out to be a man.

Murder in Yorkshire.—A groom, named Joseph Shepherd, has been sentenced to be hung for murdering a farmer named Bethel Parkinson. The body was discovered Jan. 14th, with thirty-five incised wounds, and, close to it, was found a carving-knife covered with blood. Five ribs were broken, and the skull was broken in on one side. This carving-knife was like one of two in the possession of the prisoner's father a few days before the murder. Its first detection arose from his words in a bad house when he was treating some girls to sherry. Although the evidence was only circumstantial, it was very complete.

A Disrespectful Eclipse.—One of the most ludicrous events connected with the late highly unsatisfactory eclipse was the rising of the Court of Vice-Chancellor Kindersley. On Saturday the court announced that it would on Monday adjourn from twelve o'clock till two, in order to afford an opportunity to the court of observing the anticipated phenomenon; but, during the eclipse, clouds prevailed to such an extent, that for all people out of doors could see of the sun, he might as well have been in obscurity.

How to Tame a Horse.—In our last number we gave some graphic pictures of Mr. Rarey taming the wild horse Stafford. We find the following in the *Times*: "The modus operandi is," says John Field, veterinary surgeon, "rub one or two drops of oil of cumin over your hands and pass your hands over his nostril so that he inhales it. This must be continued until you get his entire attention. Then put a little of the horse castor (or warty excrements from the horse's leg) about the quantity of a good pinch of snuff, on a lump of sugar, and if the horse will not eat from your hand, put it into his mouth. Take eight drops of oil of rhodium in a little bottle or thimble, and pour it into his mouth. Usually this, with kind and gentle treatment, makes him become 'your obedient servant,' and he will follow you about and permit you to take any liberty with him. In extreme cases the process may have to be repeated before you acquire the desired influence over him. If you are so inclined, this operation may be repeated four or five times a day; but, above all things, the utmost care must be taken to avoid hurting him."

Social Reforms.—The Liberal press of Great Britain express considerable annoyance at the little prospect there is of carrying any of the reforms which have been for some years postponed, first by the Russian, then the Chinese, and now the Indian wars—saying nothing of the half-hostile attitude of France.

The French Colonels and the Army and Navy Club.—An advertisement appeared in the *Times* last week, offering a reward of £50 for the discovery of the person who sent a caricature to the colonel of a French regiment of an offensive nature, dating it from the Army and Navy. The *Moniteur* has not overlooked this advertisement. It says: "We record with pleasure a fact which shows the honorable sentiments by which the officers are animated in England who stand side by side with our own officers in the Crimean war. The committee of the Army and Navy Club in London, being informed that somebody had sent to officers of the French army a caricature, beneath which were printed some offensive words, with a pretended message from the club, has offered a reward of £50 to any one who will make known the author of this deed, thus showing how indignant the members of the club were at the perpetration of such an unworthy insult."

The Orsini Plot.—Dr. Bernard has been committed on the charge of conspiracy to murder. The evidence established his complicity with Orsini and Rudio—the housekeeper of the former, and the wife of the latter testifying to his intimacy. A letter from Alsbyp was also found at his lodgings. The feeling was very strong in England, and many of the leading papers anticipate trouble with the French on this account. He will be tried in England; and being a foreigner, has the option of having half the *jury* French—in which case, guilty or not guilty, it will be impossible to get a verdict against him. The audience sympathized so warmly with him, that Mr. Jardine, the presiding magistrate, had threatened every examination to commit the most enthusiastic, ere he could establish order. The execution of these men is only

stampeding on the carpet as he spoke), once belonged to our fathers. Now we are poor—very poor. We have nothing to shelter us from the cold. We are driven from our possessions, and are hungry. We have come to you to help us. The Great Spirit, through the mouth of our Great Father, will speak to us, and tell us what to do. Let us be rich like the white man, and be poor no longer."

Rare Autographs.—Among some rare letters sold lately was one from the famous actress, Kitty Clive, to Pope the poet, not the pontiff. The lively lady, who was a sort of Agnes Robertson, Follie Marshall and Mrs. Hoey in one pair of pantaloons, thus writes to the little wisp of Twickenham:

"October 17, 1714.

"*My Dear Poet.*—The Jack I must have, and I suppose the cook will be as much delighted with it as a fine lady with a birthday suit. I send you wall-nuts which are fine, but pray be moderate in your admiration, for they are dangerous dainties. Mrs. Prince has been robbed at two o'clock at noon of her gold watch and four guineas; and at the same time one or two justices of three and sixteenpence a piece—they were like to be shot for not having more. Poor Mrs. Hart is dead—well spoken of by everybody. I pity the poor old wench that is left behind!"

Something for Naples.—The Admiralty Court of London has declared that the seizure of the Cagliari was illegal. This will place the Sardinian, the British and the Neapolitan Governments in a triangular duel, the General being Sardinian, the engineers English, and the captors Neapolitan.

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Lord Palmerston, in his address to the Tiverton constituency, says that he is willing to help the present ministry all he can.

W. Smith O'Brien has addressed a letter to the Irish people, in which he earnestly advises them to support a Tory ministry in preference to any other, as they always do more for them than a Whig one.

FRANCE.

A French Palmer Case.—The Secretary of the Jockey Club in Paris died last November, and was buried at Avranches in Normandy. A few days ago some circumstances led to the suspicion that he had been poisoned, whereupon the body was exhumed, and a considerable quantity of arsenic was found in his stomach. The stable-boy, Lemoulard, aged only twenty-one years, was found guilty of being the murderer.

The Troubles of Despotism.—The little conversation here is held with such bated breath that there is little to communicate. M. Guérinier's pamphlet of the Emperor and England has caused much dissatisfaction among the troops, the only class who seem permitted now to express an opinion. The demands of the Government on the various Powers touching the refugees have only been granted by one—and that a Republic. Switzerland has agreed to send the French refugees into the interior, and some are to be sent to England. One would think they would be less injurious to Napoleon in Switzerland than London. Spain is fitting out an expedition to co-operate with France in Cochinchina. Persigny is replaced by Peillaer as Minister to London. An English contemporary says it is, perhaps, to see if the Tower of London is a Malakoff.

Artificial Fish.—The experiment, made by order of Napoleon, to stock the waters of Saint Cloud with trout hatched artificially has met with complete success. The trout, twelve months old, are twenty centimetres long, and weigh from fifty-five to ninety grammes. Their value in the Paris market is from one franc to one franc twenty-five centimes. The trout, thirty-three months, are from forty-eight to fifty centimetres long, and weigh from 700 to 1,200 grammes. These sell for three and six francs.

High-Presure Humanity.—There is something terrible in the suppressed thoughts of France; the simile of the London *Times*, that Louis Napoleon was sitting on the safety-valve of a high-pressure boiler, will doubtless prove true. Explosions is the order of the day—we may every hour expect news of that human Vesuvius bursting forth.

Attack on England.—The author of a rabid attack on England in *L'Ami* is Louis Velloz. What gives it a peculiar significance, is that he has lately had several interviews with Louis Napoleon and a conversation with the Emperor. A journal gravely relates this as if the poor Britons were now done for!

Paris Chit Chat.—A new social amusement, called *sorciers fantastiques*, has been inaugurated in Paris. There was one at the Baronne de P.'s last week, the chief feature being a mammoth magic lantern; the slides were painted by an artist of repute, and as each passed, extempore verses, or made for the occasion, were recited. Some of the scenes were taken from the "Arabian Nights Entertainment;" but the most popular part was composed of caricatures of prominent public men. We think this description of amusement might be agreeably introduced into our own country. Prince Jerome, the last of the Bonaparte brothers, is dying; on Tuesday the Archbishop of Paris went to administer spiritual consolation to him. The heir of Louis Napoleon reached his second birthday on the 16th of March. It is stated that the Conference of Paris is to be called together to consider the Refugee question. Louis Napoleon had better not waste his time.

PRUSSIA.

The English Bride.—Our English cousin is already a prodigious favorite. The simplicity of her Balmoral manners is having a great effect on the starch of the German court. Her prestige, as a daughter of Victoria and a wealthy bride, of course makes her reforms *fashionable*! The king is a little better, and is not going to the south of France, but to the island of Rugen instead.

The Venerable Humboldt is in excellent health, and, they add, rather annoyed at the publication of his conversation with Mr. Bayard Taylor, in a journal of this city. The Prince and Princess Frederick William paid him a long visit some short time ago.

AUSTRIA.

Orsini's Letter.—Much annoyance is expressed in political and private circles at the publication, in the *Moniteur*, of Orsini's attack upon the Austrian rule in Italy.

A Thieving Lover of Pictures.—A very valuable picture, painted by Van Ostade, called the "Newspaper Reader," was stolen on the 20th Feb. by one who loved the fine arts "not wisely but too well." As a large reward has been offered for its recovery and an engraved copy extensively published for the detection, it is possible it may be recovered. Ostade was a German by birth, but a Dutchman by adoption, and ranks next to Teniers.

RUSSIA.

A Satirical Dramatist.—A Russian dramatist, of the name of Gregory Matveev, has lately produced, at the Moscow Theatre, a play called "Honest Men do still Exist." It was received with much enthusiasm, and it unveiled the official corruption of the Government. The second performance was forbidden by the police, on account of its being "dangerous and improper!"

france which she had just received. The priest gave her some advice on the subject and then went away. On the following night the lady was suddenly roused from her slumber by two men, masked and armed, who commanded her to deliver up, on pain of instant death, the 40,000 francs which, to their certain knowledge, she had in the house. The lady, notwithstanding the menaces of the ruffians, uttered a loud shriek, which was heard by a visitor who had arrived but a short time before, and had not yet retired to bed. He seized his pistols, and rushing to the room whence the cry had proceeded, shot one of the men dead on the spot, and after a sharp conflict, disarmed the other and delivered him into the hands of the policemen, who had hastened to the spot at the first alarm. Upon examination, it was found that the man who had been killed was no other than the priest himself, while the prisoner was his assistant.

The musical world will learn with pleasure that Ernst, the renowned artist and amiable man, whose state of health has given rise to grave apprehensions, is now at Baden-Baden, convalescent, and is considered out of danger.

Alexandre Dumas, the indefatigable one, has undertaken the gigantic task of decentralizing the theatrical power in France. Thus he has undertaken to bring new pieces at all the great theatres of the empire, not awaiting the judgment of Paris, which is often retarded by the multiplicity of competitors.

Mr. Layard writes in good spirits from India. When last heard of he was busy exploring the far-famed cave-temples of Ellora and Ajunta.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

Spain.—The Spanish Government has presented a bill abolishing slavery in the Spanish Colonies. There had been a riot in Valencia, consequent upon a drawing lottery.

Russia.—Great agitation prevails in consequence of the opposition of the nobility to the emancipation of the serfs. Many of the nobles had fled to St. Petersburg, in fear of their lives. A camp of 100,000 men was to be formed at Warsaw in May.

Indian Rebellion.—Sir Colin Campbell had crossed the Ganges; his force was fifteen European regiments of infantry, three of native infantry, three regiments European cavalry and three of native, eighty heavy guns and mortars, and sixty-three field-pieces. They were in full march on Lucknow. When Jung Bahadore's and Gen. Frank's forces—12,000 strong—had reached Lucknow (expected 27th Feb.), the attack would take place.

England.—The appointment of Pelissier, who is a warm friend to the Eng'ish alliance, has given very general satisfaction. The fortifications of Malta are to be strengthened. Creighton, the expelled of Marcy, is to be made Ambassador to St. Petersburg. Watts and Parker, the Neapolitan prisoners, have been released. This immediate result of Derby's remonstrance tells hardly upon Palmerston with the English people.

France.—The Constitutionnel has an article very friendly to England, and says that the appointment of Pelissier is a compliment paid to the common glory of the two countries. The Minister of the Interior has ordered all the artillery in the French towns to be dismounted and removed into the arsenals, on the plea that they are not safe, being in such a dilapidated condition. The real reason is, doubtless, to prevent it falling into the hands of the people, should they rise.

Italy.—Sardinia has demanded the steamship Cagliari, seized by the King of Naples.

Turkey refuses to submit the navigation of the Danube to the Conference of Paris.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Murder of Samuels.—Another murder almost as startling and equally mysterious is now in process of becoming more and more obscured, until we suppose, like the Burdell tragedy, it will remain a puzzle to posterity. The facts are simply these: A young man named Samuels was returning home from visiting a young lady in Brooklyn, and disappeared till the Thursday morning, when his body was found by some laborers near Gowanus; they towed it to the foot of Beekman street, and while on their way to the police authorities some other persons discovered it, and it was conveyed to the Second ward station-house. A large piece of granite was found tied to its neck by some strong cord. The inquest is still progressing, but nothing calculated to fix the crime upon any one has yet been elicited beyond the arrest of a supposed rival, and a man who keeps an oyster stall in New York. The chief suspicion against the latter centres in his being seen with somebody like Samuels, and not having opened his stall on a certain morning, when he had actually a good supply of bivalves. The man is, however, laboring under delirium tremens, and that is a complaint not favorable to an oyster opener. We shall probably be able to give the termination in our next.

Music Under Difficulties.—An Elliottville paper says that an old man was imprisoned in that gaol a few days ago, who had been incarcerated in the very same place twenty years previously, and who, at that time, had dug a hole through the wall and escaped. He showed the prisoners where he had dug out twenty years before, and they immediately set to work, and, after removing a plank, which composed the inner lining of the wall, soon succeeded in making an opening which enabled them all to crawl out. To divert the attention of the authorities, one of the prisoners played a violin. All was ready for the escape, which was fixed for Sunday, when one of the Paul Cliftords let the cat out of the bag, and the officials were spared the dramatic surprise next morning of finding their gaol-birds all flown.

Marriages, Arkansaw.—The following scene occurred in a person's house:

PARSON.—John Triebner, do you take Melinda Jones to be your wedded wife in the presence of these witnesses?

JOHN TRIEBNER.—That's wot I'm here for, I calculate! Wot in thunder do you think I cummed this cussed long distance for else; eh! horsefly, bumblebee?

PARSON.—If you treat the solemn affair with such levity I shall not proceed.

JOHN TRIEBNER.—Then, by thunder, you'll lose a teneapot and a gallon of whisky. As for Levity or Leviticus—I don't know what you mean! I don't think hitching horses with Melindy is such a darned solemn affair—do you, old gal? This he said chucking his bride elect under the chin, and winking at the clergyman, with one eye under his left side, while he lobbed his tongue out at him under the right eye.

PARSON.—Will you please answer yes or no?

BURDEN.—You won't catch me saying no. Will he, 'Lindy? No, sir-ree, herself, bumblebee!

BRIDE.—Jerusalem! Jack, you've got to say yes, sir-ree, and not no, sir-ree! Ax him again, old solemn chaps (this the lovely bride addressed to the parson).

PARSON (choking his anger with the teneapot and drowning it afterwards with the gallon of whisky, but still double-distilled serious)—Will you have this woman for your wedded wife?

BRIDE (suggestively)—Say yes!

BRIDE-GROOM.—Yes, sir-ree!

PARSON (addressing Melinda Jones)—Will you take this man to be your lawful, &c.?

BRIDE.—Well—I guess—you're a young hand at this sort of fun—otherwise you might save a ternal lot of breath by not puttin' such allured foolish questions. Wot on sirth do you think we cummed here for?

PARSON.—To be married!

BRIDE.—Then go ahead and jine us as fast as you can.

PARSON.—Then you take, &c.?

BRIDE.—Sartain—sure!

PARSON.—Then in the presence of all I declare you man and wife accordin' to the laws of Arkansaw and the Holy Gospel. Now fork over the teneapot and the gallon of whiskey!

After this was done, the Bridegroom says—Melindy, how do you feel arter all this here sisseraro?

To which Melinda replied—Fust rate.

John was about to steal a kiss from his wife, but she was too wide awake. She parried it from her cheek with a "No, you don't," and took it full butt on her rosy lips.

We are told the report was equal to what they call "thunder" in the Old Country.

An Indian Marriage.—The Nebraska city News contains a long account of the marriage of a Pawnee chief to a blood royal squaw. The gentleman was named Whitewater, the lady Wash Mosh Pu Slings, which amounts, no doubt, to Jane Polly Sue Hopkins, and perhaps does not sound more absurd. The bride was dressed in a red flannel skirt, blue calico border, and a white felt hat; her jewels were made of the precious metals of brass, tin, and copper. Her outer garment—that is outside the hoops—was worked elaborately, a design of her own—a desperate dog-fight. The bridegroom was attired in a standing shirt collar, a coat with brass buttons, and an elegant pair of Spanish spurs. His inexpressibles—alias breeches—were made of a coffee-sack, cut down the middle in a beforked fashion. The bride's father gave the supper; it was cooked altogether in a camp kettle, and suspended over the fire of his lodge. It consisted of young dog meat, old dog meat, tender blue corn, beaver tail, and mule steak. The beverage was whisky, made out of red pepper, tobacco plugs, and rain water, and after this a cup of coffee sweetened with molasses.

Cool Proceeding.—We have seldom read of a more heartless act than that this we quote from a religious paper: "A very afflictive dispensation of Providence has taken place within twenty miles of this place. A Presbyterian minister named Reed was going to attend a meeting of the Presbytery. He stopped over night with another minister at a private house. Mr. Reed was taken with a fit in the night, and it was supposed that he had died. The other minister, being in a hurry to get to the meeting in season, had him buried next day. On his return from meeting, he left word at Oxford that their minister was dead and buried. His friends went immediately to get his remains and bring them to Oxford, when, to their great sorrow, they discovered that he had been buried alive. The cover of the coffin was split, and the shroud was completely torn off, and he was turned nearly on his face. He was a bachelor, and a very worthy man." Was there ever anything more brutal? The other minister being in a hurry! May we never travel with a minister of the Gospel in a hurry!

An Excellent Law.—The Iowa Indians have made a law that if any of their tribe get drunk till all their crops are housed, the offending member shall be soundly whipped. If our merchants and men of business were to be whipped for taking a tod before their books were balanced for the year, it would be all the better.

Saving one's Sole.—The finest preparation for saving one's sole is not to

attend a revival, but to get half a pound of tallow and a quarter pound of resin, and, melting these together, rubbing the sole and sides of the shoes or boots with the compound.

Losing one's Soul.—The Clarksburg Register, Harrison county, declares that a Baptist preacher thus denounced a Universalist opponent: "Thank God, the day is not far distant when you will be chained down to Hell's brazen door, and the devil, with three-pronged harpoon, will pierce your wrecked heart, and pile the red-hot cinders of black damnation upon you as high as the pyramids of Egypt, and fry out the pride of your fat to grease the gudgeons of Hell!" The partitions between blasphemy and bigotry are very thin—we are afraid they leak into each other.

A Southern Duel.—A duel was fought near Dea's Mills, Mississippi, just beyond the Alabama line, on the 14th ult., between Captain Harry Maury, of Mobile, and Captain H. A. Reviere, of the French army. The weapons were navy revolvers, at fifteen paces distance, the parties to fire and advance a pace. In the first shot, Captain Reviere was struck on the right side, in the region of the liver, but the ball was stopped by a half-dollar piece in his vest pocket. Captain Reviere's shot missed. In the second fire, the ball of Captain Maury fell on the cheek of his antagonist, and lodged in the roof of his mouth. Capt. Reviere also fired at the same time, but he again missed, and staggered from the blow of Captain Maury. Before the third shot his second interposed. It was considered sufficient, and the parties returned to town. The challenge came from Captain Reviere.

Woman's War on Whiskey.—The Akron Beacon gives a somewhat humorous account of a whiskey riot, in which the ladies were the victors. Diagnosed at the numerous bricks they had found in their husband's hats when they returned home, they all met, and, arming themselves with axes, hammers and pokers, they proceeded to the village, where they entered every rum-hole, overpowered the barkeepers, and stove in all the liquors, emptying the contents in the streets. Even the drug stores were sacked, and quantities of tincture of rhubarb went the way of all medicinal brandy. For three hours the fair sex held undisturbed possession of the place, and no quarter was shown to tipsy men, publicans and sinners of the male order. At one place, however, they met with a Nena Sahib, for he threw fiery whiskey by the pailfuls over the temperance amazons, and drove them back for a minute. Putting their hoops over their heads like bucklers, they returned to the charge and routed their foes! It is rumored that Greeley has offered to lead a similar ravaging party in New York, commencing with Windust's and Delmonico's!

A New Dodge.—A carriage drove up to a gentleman's house last Thursday, in Brooklyn, and two well-dressed men descended, rang the bell, which was fortunately opened by the mistress of the house, a decidedly wide-awake lady. Up to their ascertaining that the master of the establishment was not at home, they begged permission to write a note for him, which the lady said was needless, as she was his wife, and would deliver a message. Upon their reiterating their desire, she ushered them into the drawing-room, and watched them well, till they, seeing it not available, left. The letter they left is all Greek to the gentleman, as he knows nothing whatever of them or their business.

Another Kalloch.—A very painful discovery was made some short time since in the improper intimacy subsisting between the Rev. Mr. Fitts, of Palmer, Mass., and Mrs. Chapin, a beautiful young widow. They belonged to the Baptist persuasion. Mrs. Fitts is a most admirable woman, and deserves a better husband. The developments of the trial are religiously racy! It is expected, however, that Mr. Fitts will forfeit his bail.

More Murders.—Another young man, a resident of Brooklyn, has disappeared. His name is George Duff. He was last seen at his business place on Monday, the 6th. It is supposed he had a large sum of money with him.

War in Utah.—Colonel Charles A. May is to conduct the recruits to Utah. It is rumored that he advises the President to enlist only handsome young bachelors, as they can draw the surplus wives of the Mormon Elders away from their sinful state to one of righteousness.

Miraculous Haul of Burglars.—Wonderful to say, that the police during two nights, actually arrested no less than five burglars!

Police Literature.—D. Appleton & Co., the celebrated publishers, have presented the police with a hundred and fifty volumes, "to teach their young ideas how to shoot." It is to form the nucleus of a Policeman's Club—literary, of course, and not *Locution*!

Straw Ball.—A man in Philadelphia has been sent to prison for three years for swearing to possessing more property than actually belonged to him. We want a little of this wholesome discipline here.

Harvest Prospects.—The crops in Virginia are very promising.

Remarkable Abduction.—A person named Lilly, aged thirty, was arrested in Boston last week for running away with Miss Susan Jourden, a young girl only fourteen years old. She had been living with him in Washington street, where she was found. She expressed a desire to go home with her mother to New York, where she belongs. Libby maintains that the girl accompanied him willingly, under a promise of marriage, which he fulfilled. The simplicity of some of these young damsels is truly incomprehensible.

Innocent Bigamists.—The jocularity of the editors of the Philadelphia Press over this "loving not wisely but too well," as Shakespeare defined bigamy three centuries ago, deserves the punishment of having a dose of it themselves. Nevertheless, it is not safe to marry a second wife, without you have seen your first securely screwed down in her coffin, as the case of Mr. Chew, reported in the Philadelphia papers, will testify. It appears that not having seen his first wife for some two years, he came to the conclusion she was dead, and married the second. The Recorder read Mr. Chew a lecture, and committed him to prison in default of bail, to chew the cud of meditation! We here see the evil effect of swallowing anything more than good for one!

Triumph of Chloroform.—Leigh Hunt has written an admirable essay on the difficulties of pig-driving, while Lamb contemplated one on the difficulties of pig-stealing! Indeed, the very idea of stealing a pig without its alarming the whole Union is preposterous. It appears, however, that one of those ingeniously idle men called pig-stealers not long ago carried off a grunter as much ease as Othello did Desdemona. It was taken chloroform.

An Eligible Investment.—The Secretary of the American Systematic Beneficence Society in his prospectus thus tempts the cupidity of the young: "Stockholders are guaranteed to receive one hundred times as much as they put in (Mark x. 29, 30). Those who continue to pay into the fund, as much as six cents per week, for three years in succession, to be life members of the American Systematic Beneficence Society. Those who do this for six years to be honorary managers for life. Those who do this for ten years to be honorary vice-presidents for life. Those who do this (from love to Christ) while they live, will have a free admission through the gates into the Heavenly city, a snow-white robe, a Heavenly harp, a crown of gold, and a seat at the right hand of the final Judge." Talk of gift enterprises after this!

Can it be True?—The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal states that some three years ago the report reached New York that the ship Helena was lost. Her commander, Captain Thompson, had with him his son, and left in New York his wife and several children. His cargo was a load of coolies, and it was believed that the cargo had risen and murdered the crew. The insurance office paid the policy, and an administrator was appointed for the estate. But Mrs. Thompson has had unwavering faith that her husband and son were alive, and would both return. This week a vessel arrived at this port, and states that they passed and hailed a vessel bound for China, which had on board Captain Thompson and the crew of the Helena. The news has been hailed with joy, and public thanksgiving was given last Sabbath in the Mariners' Church.

Death of Professor Hudson.—This popular man of Oberlin College was killed, on the 1st of April, by the express train while in motion at Olmstead, a few miles from Cleveland. The train passed over him, severing his head and legs. He had occupied the chair of mathematics for twenty years. He was forty-five years old.

Revolution in Venezuela.—On the 15th of March a revolution, under the lead of General Castro, broke out and overthrew the President, Monagas, who, with his wife and family, took refuge in the house of the French Minister. Perhaps there never was a more corrupt family than that of Monagas. There is something quite ludicrous in the magnificence of Madame Monaga's speculations; she very coolly seized the custom-house of Leguizay, and constituted its revenues as her pin money. Its receipts were about 700,000 dollars per annum. Castro has been chosen President *pro tem.*, till the Convention meets. The popular opinion is that General Fuer will be invited to return.

Life's Dark Side.—There are in New York city nearly 40,000 women who sew for a living. About 12,000 of these are shirtmakers, 11,000 tailoresses, and 3,000 dressmakers and milliners, besides those employed in other branches of needlework. Most of these women have been out of employment during the past winter; only about 3,000 of them, it is said, have had work to do during this period. Shirtmakers generally receive twenty-five cents a day. The introduction of sewing machines has greatly increased the number of women employed.

One Jewish Farmer in America.—It is a singular fact, revealed in the last census of the United States, that while there are seven hundred thousand Jews in this country, only one person who is a Jew registered as a farmer. Literally is the decree of their dispersion fulfilled, that they are strangers to that occupancy which, above all others, implies a resting-place and a home.

"For, lo, I will command and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations."

The Jews are traders, not attached to the soil where they are found, but ready to move at a moment's notice.

In all of the towns they are found in large numbers. They nearly monopolize the retail business of the country. We have never known of a Jew who was engaged in mining, although there may be many such so occupied.

Life or Death. Toss-ups a Penny!—Jury boxes are often now filled with queer material. The second or third trial of a man named McCann for murder, at Albany, has resulted in the disagreement of the jury, and their discharge, after being out over sixty hours. From first to last, eleven obstinate men refused to fall in with the views of one Hiram Wilber, of Green Island. The *Atlas* and *Argus* say the following facts have been gathered from several members of the jury, who proposed embodying them in a paper and subscribing to them underneath: That on the first ballot the jury stood eleven for conviction and one for acquittal, Wilber; that, according to his own assertions, he is a spiritualist; that he has no belief in the existence of a God,

a heaven or a hell, or punishment of any sort after this life; that he does not believe in the Bible, and considers that an oath on an almanac is just as binding as if sworn to on that book; that he told the jury that if he could have been permitted to go to Green Island and there consult with the spirits, he would have been able to decide whether McCann had murdered his wife and whether he was insane at the time; and, finally, that he proposed to decide whether he should go for or against conviction by the toss of a penny, he or the constable to lose the penny, whichever the jury pleased.

THE CHAMPAGNE CORK.

HALF a dozen young men sat chatting over their champagne, after a lively supper, with Harry Beaumont, at his mother's delightful villa near Richmond. As the hour grew late, and the guests reluctantly spoke of their departure, the young host, at parting, called on them to drink one more glass to the "lovers of their hearts."

"And especially to your mother's charming guests, Grace and Mary Bloomwood!" added Frank Treverton, the gayest of the party, bow

THE SLATHERS LETTERS.

We present our readers, in this week's issue, with the first of a series of letters, by a temporary resident of New York, Mr. Torquill Slathers, of the Wolf-pen Fork of Pigeon Creek of Sandy River, in Logan county, Virginia. Mr. Slathers, who was christened Torquill because his father was a great admirer of Macpherson's *Ossian*, but whose pronouns are usually altered by familiar friends to the less august appellation, Turkey, left his native mountains during last autumn, on a tour in search of pleasure and the picturesque. He came by way of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, to the metropolis, and being connected with some of "the first families of Virginia," speedily entered fashionable society, where he has been and continues to be a great favorite. Before he arrived at his present position as one of the leaders of the *haut ton*, or as he translates it, "the upper ten," he was exposed to the devices of numerous sharpers, who, according to his own account, "uset him skendilyous." An account of these adventures, with his impressions of men and manners, will be found in his letters to his friends and relatives in Logan. We have secured a copy of the whole correspondence up to the present time, and shall select from it such epistles as would be likely to interest our readers. We have been obliged to cut out a word here and there, and sometimes a sentence, which bordered on profanity or impiety, though they were written by him without any improper intention. Enough remains, however, to show that Mr. Slathers is entirely too much given to cardplaying and drinking for his own good. Perhaps we should rather say "was given," since we learn he has reformed in these particulars since his residence in New York—a place where vice is discouraged, and all species of immorality supposed to be totally unknown.

Letter I.—To Burwell Stollins, Backbone Post-office, Marrowbone Fork of Island Creek, Logan County, Virginia.

PITCHBUG, HEAD OF THE OHLER, {
November 1st, 1857.

MY DEAR BUR'L—I reckin you didn't allow to hear from me so fur up toards the norrad, an I reckin I didn't expect to hev writ you from no sich a dot dinged smoky location. However, yur I am, an sitch sights as I've seen on the road I couldn't begin to norate, if



"I tolle him I smilt nara time cep I wuz tickled at somethin', but of it wuz all the same to him, I'd licker."

I lived to the age uv ole Methusalem, who, be all accounts, wus the oldest man that ever lived; an I wuz to ockery all day, 'cept what I used up in meals and licker and sleep, the three necessary things o' life, ontwil I wuz wilted with extreme ole age, an blown offen the fust high win.

You see, I driv them drove o' hogs over to Kenawee, an sole em pooty well, considurin the way uv the spizarcumt wuz skeersome amongst the salt-bilers, an I allowed to go back ster I'd spiled a jug or two o' Sensennatty bald-faist whiskey. But I didn't, an this were the reason. I'd got my animil afaoar the tarvun doar, for the ixprest pupposse uv agwine home, when who should I see a ridin uv his sorrel mar inter town but your petticular frien'—him as keeps the stoar at the court-house—Errykom, as they calls the plaist sense they've done gone an hed it corporated, witch hex bin the ruing uv the velilage, that not bein a decent drap uv licker to be hed than sense, to say nothin uv jayhawkin sellers unnder the embargo laws, of they so much ez bats their eyes. They nuvver jayhawked me, though. Good cos why, them chaps knowed I could take the town. Wall, Jim he sed he wuz gwine to Feladelfy, to lay in stock o' goods, an I had a chat with him then an thar. Jim's a peert chap, and tollibill cliver, though he did make a fuss about that beeswax I sole him, some uv witch wur about half lard, and the res mixt up with conmeal, witch, in coas, I knowd nothin about when I fetchit it in. It wur some uv Eelind Lavyay's doins. Jim an I chatted a spell, an nothin would do him but I must pull up stakes an go long norrad. I tolle him I reckint it would nigh about use up my intire pile, but he sed I hed enough and to spar, ef I didn't git among the gamblers. I wa'n't afeerd uv them, for I wuz shore those chaps couldn't make shucks outen me if they played far; an ef they went into cheatin, they'd fine themselves picked clean of har, hide an meat an them sittin in thur bar bones in less'n no time. So I finerly concluded I'd go—an I did, and yur I em so far on my road.

Nex mornin the steamboat come down the roover from the Sleens, an I got abode. I didn't like the looks uv the varmint much, for I'd heern tell uv sitch things a bustin their bilers, and blowin up, an treatin people mighty skendilyous. But no one else seemed to mine it, so I nuvver let on I was skairt a mite, but jes walter inter the thing as bold as a four-year old he. You nuvver seed one uv them steamboats, Bur'l. Wall, thar quar varmints, shore. Jes fancy a kunnoo about ez long ez the publick squar at the cote-house, with two stories onto it, and two dozint blacksmith's shops an four steam saw-mills inside, an the whole errangemint a gwine on one wheel—yes, sir! an that at the back ind uv the boat. Wall, I climb up to the loft, an foun that wuz fixt out fus-rate. Thar wur cheers ther, an tabills, an a carpit with pictures on it runnin the whole length uv the consarn. The room war ceiled, an dores a both sides—about thirty on em—with leetle winders a top, an one plaist about as big as a chimbley, whar a big-whiskert chap he stud an kep a grocery. Wall, Jim he axt me up to the grocery, an the chap behint the bear he sed would I smile? I tolle him I smilt nara time cep I wuz tickled at somethin, but ef it wuz all the same to him, I'd licker. So I axt Jim his drink, an he sed madary. I didn't know what that wur, but sed I reckint I'd take some too; and the chap handit us a bottle, with a glass stopper, and two of the leetlest glasses you ever clapt eyes on. I thort he was pokin fun at me, but seein Jim fill his leetle glass, I fit mine—it ony hilt a mouthfull—an swallert the stuff right off the real. I axt Jim what he callt the truck, an he sed madary wine. "Wall," seh zi, "I've heern tell uv it afaoar, an I'm oblieged to you; but it appears to me as if it wuz a mixtur uv vinegar and molasses, with a leetle dash uv bad sperrets." I tell you, Bur'l, I hed to

punish about a four-finger charge uv conjüst afaoar I could take the taste outen my mouth. I dessay the drink's mighty genteel, but I don't like it no how, an I advise you agin sitch truck. Nuver do you tetch it ef you kin git enny sperrets; an ef you cant, why, take to water or enny other nasty stuff sooner'n that.

I hedn't more'n sat down my glass afaoar I heern the all-firedest, yethliest, squeelinest noise outer jail. Ef five hundred painters, a thousand hogs, an a dozint weemen wor to set to screamin at wunst it wouldn't giv you the faintest ideor. I allowed the biler was bustin shore, an I wuz makin straight shoot for the ind doar, when Jim he ketcht me be the coat tail an jes then the noise stopt.

I trimmid all over wussen we hed the buck ager, an the sweat rollt down me face in derrops as big as marvels. Jim sed they wuz ony blowin off steam an not blowin up an, as he didn't seem afeerd, I warn't a gwine to let on I wuz; but, I tell you, I was pestered. I hed to sit down on two uv the cheers for a spell to compose meself.

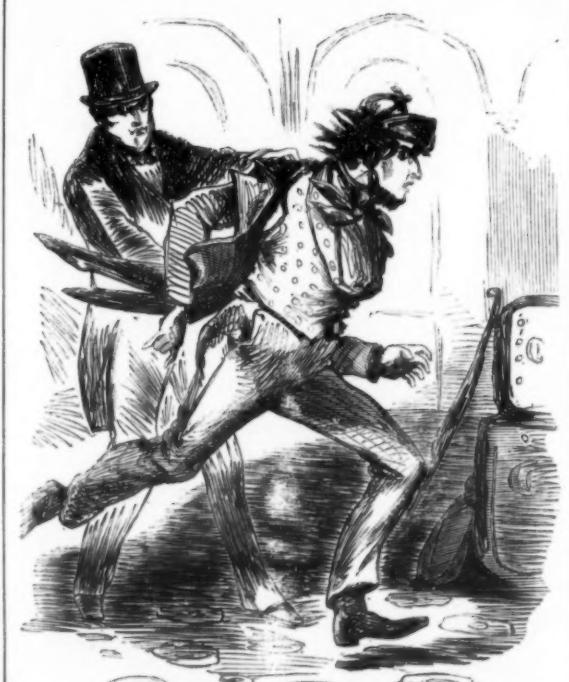
Wall, dreckly that wuz another nize, an the old kunnoo begun to trimshin an heave like she wuz alive—that wuz a thumpin an a splashin an a kine of rippattyat motion that shuk the boat all through, an I lookt outen the winder, an shore enough the whole town begun to move. You may laugh at that, Bur'l, but it peared so to me then; but when I went outside to the edge of the loft—they call it a deck—witch name belongs to a pack of kerds be rights—I foun it waz the boat wuz movin, an the town standin whar it allus wuz. But the yocular delusion's mighty strong at allus.

I went back inter the loft an sat a spell, an dreckly some buck niggers come in an pullt out the tabils, till they stretcht 'em the whole length uv the room an kivered em with a long sheet, an sat it plum full uv dishes, some uv em with kivers on. Then the captin uv the boat toted out a lot uv weemen foaks an sat em down at one ind, an one uv the niggers he rung a bell, an sitch a rush as that war minit me moar uv a drove uv hogs arter one year uv corn than anythin I could liken it to. I grabbed a cheer an squatted, an so did Jim. The way them unfortunit cullderd people hed to make tracks roun them tabils, waitin on everybody, was a sight. I managed to git a good denner, an plenty uv it; but I heern some chaps fine fault, I dunno why. Thar was a rose chickin afaoar me, which I put intire onto my plate, an about a hoss load o' conbred an taters an heaps uv other sass, an I et about six chunks uv that pie—so I wasn't hungry afterwards meself. Wen we'd done finish takin our bait, Jim an I got seegars from the grocery an went outer doars an climt some moar stepts, and sat a top, clost by the chimbley. I tell you it looks purty to see the houses an trees an mountings a slidin past you—leastwise them that's near, fur them that's fur off seems to be standin still. Jim an I sat thar an smoakt, an swapt lies for an hour or moar.

Arter a spell we hed supper, an arter supper I wanted to travil to the Lan uv Nod. Jim sed we'd go to our stateroom. So he opint one uv the narrer doars, an thar wuz a room no bigger'n a cuburd, an I couldn't see whar we wuz to sleep of et hed bin to save my skelp. It ruther lowered my fence by two rails when Jim sed we hed to sleep thar, all the time pointin to two shelves nailed up agin one side o' the room. Thar wuz no help for it—it wuz eyther a short hoss or no ride, so I stript an lay down. But the shelf wuz not ony too narrer but too short. You know I'm six foot foar in my stockings, an the plank I laid on wasn't mor'n five foot eleving, as I judged; so I hed to shet myself up like a jack-knife. I'd git inter a doze—the boat hit a trimmilin an groanin an ripperty-rappin all the time—an then in me sleep I'd fetch down my feet an nigh kick the side uv the room down. That'd kine uv wake me. I'd cuss a spell an double myself up agin, an off I'd go. Then I'd dream I wuz ingaged in a skirmish with some chap, an I wuz unonder an he wuz a gougin me, an I'd let me feet go to hyste him, an chung! I'd bring him agin the ind wall—that's the way I ded the whole night. It pruv to me that our cirkit-rider tolle the truth when he sed the prayers uv the wicket wasn't uv no account, for ef I'd a hed any power I'd a done cust the captin uv that boat as bald ez a gobblor's neck afaoar mornin. Toards daylight I got inter a doze an wuz waked by the same kine uv racket I heern afaoar. I lep out an dress myself, for I allowed the biler hed bust this time, shore enough, an when I lookt outen the winder we wuz lyin longside uv a town. Jim drest himself an sed we wuz at Gallypoleese, whar we wuz oblieged to take another boat. So we tortled out, an Jim he seed to our plunder, witch wuz mostly his'n, excep two sherts, a deck uv kerds, an a plug uv tubacky I hed in my overcoat, an we got onto the boat in less'n no time. This wuz a heap larger boat an hed webs both sides instid uv hevin em at the stern. We clumb up the ladder an went into the loft, witch they calls a cabing; but that aint no cabing in our woods like it, by a long string.

Bur'l, het's worth while trev'lin jes to see how them sellers fools ther money away. The cabing uv 'tother boat wan't a prim'in to this in the way uv show. That was common doins—this was chicken fixins. It wuz twyste az long in the fus plaist, an hed twyste ez meny doars, an ther wuz a heap pootier carpit, an ther wuz a pianer fort at one ind, like that'n they hev at the cote-house, an a lookin-glass twyste ez big ez an ash hopper, with a frame uv sol-sid good aroun it—must a cost more'n a hundred dollars—an' the chers wuz made uv sol-sid cosmogony, an' some uv 'em black pillars sewed onder 'em; an there wuz two cheers at the 'tother ind, that they callt sopers, an ten men could hev sat on 'em 'thout crowdin'. The weemin wuz all up at that ind, be themselves, an' there wuz one mighty likely gal ther, an she was dress to kill. You nuvver seed so much goold. The chaps that own that boat muss bin to Californy. There wuz goold pieces nailed inter the doars, an on the ceilin, an there wuz goold lamps hangin from the roof, an pickchurs yur an there with goold frames round 'em. It ruther tuck me down to see setch gorjus magnificinse, but sense I've bin yer in this town, an that's ony a few hours, I ent astonisht a mite.

Wall, I sat down on one uv the cheers, witch wuz so slick that I'd like to slide off, an bimeby I walkt roun a spell an lookt at the pickchurs, an then I struck up an acquaintance with a feller. They all hed ther store clothes on, but he seemt to be a quiet chap, an



"I allowed the biler wuz bustin shore, an I was milin a straight shoot for the ind doar, when Jim he ketcht me be the coat tail an jes then the noise stopt."

lookt sort uv lonesome, an I made a pass at him. Es fur Jim, he'd gone skootin about, an lef me pooty much to paddill me own kunnoo, whootch I wuz quite wellin to. The chap I friz to axt mighty few queshuns; an thar's a thing I may's well tell you, Bur'l; peopil don't axt no queshuns yur, nur ixpece you to. Ther mighty anneighborly peopil, that's a fac, an givin to hidin ther lights anoder bushil. Ther's another thing that great on these parts—their mighty givin to shiftin sherts. Some uv these sellers puts on a clean shert twyste a week, an shaved themselves every day. However, I ups an tells this chap whar I was from, an thar this wuz me fus trev'l outen the mountings, an that I felt ruther jibus about a good menny things whootch I seed. He turnt out to



"Stranger," seh zi, "we hev no jackasses in Logan, but we hev a mule ur so," seh zi.

be a mighty frien'ly man, an tremenjus peert. We got talkin about cattill, whootch I've bin uset to, ez you know, hevvin tended as menny as forty head at a time, from yurlings up to fo' yur olds; but I foun this chap, for all his store-cloth coat, understud the pints uv a good steer ez well as enny man outen Logan. He guv me a hea uv insight inter the ways of the peopil whar I was gwine. He sed ther was heaps uv mean reekile thar who made ther leevin by foolin stranjer, an some thet hed no better sense then to reddikule folks from the mountings. I wasn't 'spried et sitch, bekase I'd heern so afaoar, an its neutral; in them big cities they breed all kine uv mean varmints, thet can't fine foothole with us. The shadows uv them grand oled furrest trees, an them magnificint mountings, kill 'em out. We breed men thar—men that don't war store cloth coats an store shoes, an prehaps en't ez known in book-larnin; but who kin walk the yirth with as firnum a tread as enny he animal aroun; men who hev open houses for the triviller, a helpin han for a frien, an a hard fist for an enemy. That's true ez preachin. I axt this chap what his bus'ness might be, when lo an behide he wuz a member uv Congress from the Tenessey State, an a lawyer to the Feddrel cote et Washinton, an wuz gwine to git off at Wheelin.

Dreckly the niggers they begun to stretcht the tabills, an we riz, an lef my man, an went out to a leetle shed ther wuz fernent the front doar, an watcht 'tother steamboats that met us in the roover, an seed the towns pass us, an fus rate cattill, an farms an houses all along shoar; an when the bell rung I went in to brekfus. The bait was good, an the coffee wuz a leetle the best I'd, iver taistit; but ther wuzn't a mite uv bacon, an the con-bred wuz fixt up with aigs an truck, an wuzn't fit to eat no how. Then I hedn't got uset to the fawks, whootch looked like a silver spoon, split up foar times; but I kin kendle the empliments now ez easy as I kin plum centre at a shootin match. I drunk ten cups uv coffee, an et about a pound an a half uv beef, an a dozen ur two uv biskit, an I felt better. After we'd done, the Tenessey man met me nigh the captin's office, an he axt me if I'd iver examint the musheenry uv a steamboat, an when I sed not frekewntly I reckint, he purposed to show it to me. UV cose, I sed certingly, an the fac wus that I wuz personally oblieged to him for the same. We went down the ladder onto the flor below, an the fus thing I seed wuz a gaul busting big fire-plaist with doars, fit chock up with stone-coal, with lots uv chaps a shovlin uv hit in, an hit a heatin an roarin a blazin like ravin mad. Then he showed me how it het the water en the bilers, whootch wur big round iron chists, an thar the steam thet riz from the bilin water went inter a kind uv iun pump, an pusht up the pump rod, an thar pushed agin a big iun thing mose like a big par uv tons, an that turned aroun another big iun thing, that kept a turning long iun logs, with weels on 'em, an them weels wuz jes like about a hundred kunnoo paddils, an made the water en the roover bile wuss then the water in the bilers. An that mines me that you can't get a drop uv water on the roover that's fit to drink; hit's ez yaller an dirty ez mushmolly. I dunno how the truck tastes, fur I confint meself intirely to the licker at the bear, an nuvver techt nothin else narative, ontwell we got to Pitchburg, whootch Jim wuz afraid I'd git drunk en blazes. He needn't a poot hisself out about it, for I allow a barl uv sitch trash en they keep aboard couldn't phase me, an whootch you know I nuvver was drunk narative, cep wunst, an that wuz on that mean peach brandy whootch Zan Taylor stilled over onto Pigeon Creek, yeer afaoar las, an that wuz so mean that a single quart would make a man's head swim.

Presently my Tenessey man went back to the weemin's quarter—they calls it the ladies' cabing—for he hed his woman thar, an lef me 'lone. I lookt aroun for Jem, but he war somewhat elst. All to wunst a peert, sassy-lookin chap, with yaller hair an whitish eyes, an a streak uv dirty cotton yarn on his upper lip, whootch he thought wuz baird, he made up to me, an he sez, seh ze,

"Yur from the country?" seh ze.

"I em," seh zi, "from the country they calls the United States," seh zi; fur I didn't like his looks no how, an 'spicioned he wuz tryin' to play his monkey shines offen me. He had about a plough line's length uv gold chain criss-cross over his wescut, an' his hat glissint az if it hed bin rubb down with bar's grease, an' his boots wuz shinier than ennybody's elses, bein', as I've sense larned, made outen paytent leather, whootch is done to save lazy fellers the trouble uv greasin' 'em.

"Aw—very good," seh ze, "very good!" As if I cart a dried apple cuss wether it good or not, an' seh ze, "yur comin' yur preleemetary perry green nations," seh ze.

"My wot?" seh zi.

"Yur enishetare rammles," seh ze.

I seed he was pokin fun et me, for the no-account varmint knode I didn't understand no Dutch, an so I sez,

"Stranger," seh zi, "we hev no jackasses in Logan, but we hev a mule ur so," seh zi, "whootch is nigh the same, though mebbe yur too proud to own kin to em," seh zi; "and when they gits too big for thur hides," seh zi, "we jest cuts thur yours off, and turns em outen the mountings to larn manners. So," seh zi, "you'd better watch the gap and stan by yur connexions, ef you don't want yur kunnoo to hit agin a rock," seh zi. An I giv him a sive look an doubled me fist, an the way he slopet was a plum sight. He sed

* Mr. Slathers means he had his wife.

somethin about givin me a fence as he went, whootch I cart nothin about, seein I could a gin him as hard a fence to git over ex iwer he straddlet, ef he'd a foold his time about me much longer. It wuz no use talkin. He'd ris me, ontwell my wrath was runnin like a June fresh, an I'd bin rarin and pitchin wuss'n a fractious hoss with a hornit's nest tied to his tail, if he hedn't takin the back track. Jes then Jim comes up an tells him. He sed the fellor wasn't uv no account, an I mustn't mine him, an I didn't. But he gin me a clar hoss path to trevlin in, I reckin, from that time forth. When the boat got to Wheelin he got out at the same time with my Tennesey lawyer, and I didn't see no more uv him, an mighty glad too, for I fel an setching about the knuckles to whoop him when ever I lookt at the chap—an him smellin uv sweet truck, whootch wuz all over his har an hankitchir.

It wuz night when we arrived at Pitchbug—wootch I sposed wuz callt by that name bekase they burn nothin thur but stone coal, whootch throws out about an makes everythin ex black ex pitch. It wuz light enough too when we got thar, for they hilt torches at the front ind uv the boat, an thur wur lamps stuck onto posts all through the town. We went to a house fornent the landin whootch they callt the Munongahely, whootch I wuz glad of, fur I sposed that wuz the piaist war they kep the whiskey uv that name—but I wuz badly fooled that. Bur'l, it wuz the biggest kine uv a house, with a big doar like a gate standin wide open, an more then two hundred winders, an' to git in we hed to go up steps. When we aroo to the inside, whootch wuz a room as high as a cote-room, thar stood a chap behine a counter, with a pen behine his yur, an a book afoar him, to take our names. I writ mine out in fool, and as I seed chaps had writ wur they wuz gwine, I writ "Norrad" in large letters, and I heard some ignernt fellors larfin over it aterwards an axin whar abouts 'twuz. Then the chap behine the counter axt ef we'd hev supper, and I sed I reckint I would, and so ded Jim. Then the biggest, blackest, bowinest kine of waiter he bresched me coat, which didn't want no bresching—he wuz arter a ninepuns—an showed us inter a great, long, high room, with two tables down the middle. The fellor he kept jukin an scrapin, and sot two cheers for us, an axt wot we'd hev? I told him to fetch along some corn-bred an fried bacon. So he fetch wot he calls corn-bred, fixt up with sigs an not fit fur a decent white man to chaur, an some lean bacon, an that smoakt—they calls it ham yur. However, though the vittals wuz bad, an the butter yellor instead uv wite, I menched to stow away enough to make sure the tavvun-keeper didn't git the better uv me. But I tell you they charge mighty high in these fus-chop tavvuns; an if you bats yur eye, ux sneezes, they puts it inter the bill.

Arter supper I sat an smoakt a spell, an then I got tired an went to bed. I climb one star after another; somwhere about two hundred steps, I allowed, untwell I short I never would stop. It was like climbin a steep mountin. Then they poott me inter a room be me lone self. Then I foun a bedstid like a squar box, low down to the floar, an not the first sign of a futher bed, but ony somethin that felt hard like har sewed up in a squar poke. Thar wuz carpets on the floar, an a leetle lookin glass on the walls, two cheers an two tables. One uv em had a flat piece uv wite rock on it, an atop uv that was a pitcher an basin uv chany war, an hard soap in a dish, an a clean towl. But the candill beat me all out. When the nigger come up with me he turned a leetle screw at the butt ind uv a black pipe, an tetched the candle to the pint, and may I never streak a lick of the thing didn't burn, an give as big a light as a piece av candill coal. He went out, an I stript an hung my clothes on the cheeck back. Jes then I spied a poooty green string with a taste to it, hangin agin the wall, an I jerked it a couple of times, but the thing wuz st. I blowed the light out an went to bed. I hedn't moren stretched myself straight when I smelt the quarest smell I iver did smell. It was wussen git out. Jes then I heern some one knock at the door, an when I tolle em to come in the nigger he poott his head into the room.

"Did you ring, sah?" seh ze.

"Wot?" seh xi.

"Yur bell sounded, sah," seh ze.

"I allow yur cracked," seh xi.

"I dunno nothin bout enny bell, an

I'll pitch inter your wool ef you don't clar off an lemme alone," seh xi.

"The gas aint turned off, sah," seh ze; an with that he come in the room, an as I seed be the light from outside, he turned the screw on the leetle pipe. I found out sense I hadn't oughter blowed out the light at all, 'cos see its wot they calls "gas," an they make it by stone coal which is het ontwell the smell-bad comes outen it, an is put inter pipes, an that's wot they burn, an wot smelt so loud in the room. Live an learn is my motter. An I sense foun out that the green string pulled a bell somwhere down stars, an when I wanted ennythin I needn't go to the star-top an holler, but je pull the string an they'll come. Its mornin now, an we're to go off the car dreckly, soon as we git brekfuss. Jim sez they drag the kare with a locofoco, but he's a Feddrel whig, an that's some uv his plitikil nonsinse. While he's settlin the bill with the man that keeps tavvun I've writ you this, an made the man promis to put it inter the pose offis.

Yourn, up to the hannde,

TORKIL SLATHERS.

GEN. JOHN CALHOUN, President of the Lecompton Convention, Kansas.

AMONG the many evils which may be credited to the excitement growing out of the Kansas question, is the unqualified abuse and misrepresentation of the prominent actors living in the Territory. Of all the individuals assailed, Gen. John Calhoun, President of the Lecompton Convention, has been the "best abused" of all.

In the North, Gen. Calhoun is represented as a monster, and a large part of the press never speak of him except in terms of condemnation, and the assaults of many papers are characterized by bitter partisan malignity. Probably no man that ever appeared in American politics ever less deserved such treatment.

The antecedents of Gen. Calhoun, when known, will justify this conclusion.

Gen. Calhoun, although a New England man, is of the same stock as the great South Carolinian of that name, the original progenitors of the family in this country having settled at the same time, one branch in the Palmetto State, and the other in Massachusetts. The family of Gen. Calhoun is perhaps one of the most remarkable in the Union for personal worth and substantial respectability. The father was a solid man of Boston, who, after pursuing successfully through the prime of life the business of merchant, finally returned to the country and ended his days, surrounded by his numerous family, as a gentleman farmer. He had nine children, seven sons and two daughters, all of whom are still living.

Wm. B. Calhoun, of Springfield, Mass., the eldest brother, has long been a prominent man in his native State. He was Speaker of the House of Representatives seven or eight years; represented the Springfield District in Congress eight years; has been Secretary of State, President of the Senate and Bank Commissioner. He is considered one of the most accomplished scholars in the State,

faithful servant of his Divine Master. He unites in his character great gentleness and firmness, and possesses in a remarkable degree the faculty of winning the love and respect of all who come in contact with him. He was always remarkable for securing the entire confidence of those with whom he is associated. He did this at college as a tutor, and now wields the same influence over the wild Arab tribes, in whose vicinity he lives. In the bloody wars between the Maronites and Druzes, his house was selected by both parties for the depository of goods and valuables. Among these children of Ishmael he has always acted as a peacemaker, and when feuds break out, even in the midst of the conflict he will interfere, unarmed, and still the tumult. These wild men esteem him a saint.

John Calhoun, who is at present so prominently before the country in connection with Kansas, was born in Boston, the 14th day of October, 1808. His parents moved to the Mohawk Valley, New York State, when he was thirteen years of age. After laboring for a time upon his father's farm, and having meanwhile obtained a good academical education, he commenced the study of law in the village of Fort Plains. In the spring of 1830, when twenty-three years of age, he determined to remove to Illinois. At that early day there were but few inhabitants west of Detroit, and young Calhoun, with two or three adventurous travelers, were obliged to follow an Indian trail to Chicago — fording streams, sleeping in the woods at night, and occasionally killing game for the supply of food. Chicago at that time was nothing but a military post. At this frontier station Calhoun parted with his companions, and pursued his way alone over the desert prairie to Springfield. From four miles west of Detroit, until he reached Springfield, he saw the face of but few white men, and was seldom far away from the sight of Indians, who, however, never appeared to notice his intrusion. Deciding to locate at Springfield, he resumed his studies of the law, and at the same time successfully established a High School. While thus engaged, the Black Hawk war broke out, and he volunteered his services. At the close of the campaign he returned to Springfield, and was appointed State Surveyor by the Governor of Illinois. Among his earliest acquaintances was Senator Douglas, between whom and himself have always existed the most friendly relations. He was Clerk of the Supreme Court, and was elected Mayor of Springfield, where there was a legitimate Whig majority against him of more than two hundred votes. He was a candidate of his party for State Senator and for Congress, but, living in the strongest Whig districts in the State, he failed in his election. He was appointed by President Pierce Surveyor General of Kansas and Nebraska, and has resided in the latter Territory about three years. In the year 1844 he was one of the Presidential electors of Illinois for President Polk, and in 1852 was Presidential elector for General Pierce, and was selected to carry the vote of the State to Washington. Since he has been in Kansas he has been eminently conservative, which has roused the bitter hostility which exists against him in the partisan press. As President of the Lecompton Convention, he was in favor of submitting the constitution to the direct ratification of the people, but was overruled by the members of the convention. In deciding to give the certificates of election to the Free State candidates of the Kansas Legislature, he acted with a fair determination to do his duty, fearless of all consequences. Throughout the assaults that have been made upon him, Gen. Calhoun has maintained a dignified silence, feeling that he can rely upon the future to vindicate his conduct.

In person, Gen. Calhoun is commanding; naturally of a frank and manly disposition, his long residence in the West has encouraged the easy carriage and self-possession peculiar to that region of country. In all the social relations of life he is distinguished for his integrity and strict sense of justice. Such is the

man, and such are the antecedents and family associations of Gen. John Calhoun, of Kansas. Who among his political enemies can show a more honorable record?

MARGUERITE;

OR,

THE FATAL MARRIAGE. *A Tale of the Mexican War.*

By Marion Hudson.

CHAPTER IV.—THE EXPLANATION AND THE FALSE STEP. WHEN Eugene beheld the death-like countenance of Marguerite, all his former tenderness revived, and the revulsion of feeling was so powerful that his heart smote him for his rash and unfeeling conduct, and he condemned himself for the bitter taunts he had addressed to her in the imaginary message he had delivered.

"Fool that I am!" he exclaimed; "my insane haste has killed her! Marguerite! Marguerite! would that I had died like a soldier on the battle-field, rather than, like a coward, lived to bring this anguish upon you."

The sound of his well-beloved voice recalled her to consciousness, or she opened her eyes, and muttered, in a faint and dreamy voice,



GEN. JOHN CALHOUN, PRESIDENT OF THE LECOMPTON CONVENTION —PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

"Is this not a dream? Can it be real? Is my own adored, long-lost husband restored to me?"

Raising herself a little, she saw Eugene, gazed eagerly on his face for an instant, and then throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, "It is Eugene! my husband! Oh, day of joy and horror! let me receive your pardon and die! But listen and believe me. In my soul I am as true to you as the day on which I gave you all my heart and its young hopes!"

Eugene pressed her in his arms, and said, "You are, then, married to this accursed Haldimar?"

"Hear me, dearest husband, if I dare call you by that hallowed name; hear me before you utterly condemn me. If when you have heard me, and I have failed to show you, that it was my love for our dear boy which led to this most grievous error, then curse and spurn your once-loved Marguerite! Will you be calm and listen?"

"Yes, yes," quickly returned her husband, "I am calm as the grave. I have now no hope nor fear. Marguerite, speak what you list. I am now one of the dead. Say that you love this Haldimar! You cannot wound me. My heart died when you took your second bridal vow!"

"Spare me, spare me, Eugene! At all events, say nothing till you have heard my defence!"

"Defence, Marguerite!" said her husband, abstractedly. "I make no accusation. You thought me dead; you married a millionaire. You are a woman, and wealth bought you!"

"Eugene," rejoined his wife, "you were wont to be generous and patient! Ere you judge me, hear me!"

As she said this she motioned him to lead her to the couch she had been resting on. He led her to it, and seated himself at her side.

"You know," she said, "how devoted I was to your every wish and thought. Then came our child. I call Heaven to witness that I should have died of the pangs of our separation but for the duty I owed you and our dear boy. Day by day I lived on, cheating the weariness of my heart by the reflection that another day had passed, and that I was so much the nearer to our reunion! For that you could be killed, Eugene, never once seemed possible. Judge, then, what a shattering blow to my heart was the dreadful news of your death! It stunned me. I could not realize what death was! It seemed impossible that I could live when you were dead! I could only clasp our little Eugene to my heart and cry, 'Dead! dead! dead!' No, it cannot be! But alas! one friend after another came, and their words, their manner, drove the fatal, the dreadful fact to my heart and brain, that you, my adored Eugene, were no more! I was roused from this stupor by a visit from your brother; he coldly condoled with me upon the loss I had sustained, and then informed me that the house I lived in—our dear cottage—and the property that had hitherto supported us, were his by your death. He then took a paper from his pocket, which bore your signature. In a word, I found that your wife and child were beggars!"

"Infamous scoundrel and forger!" exclaimed her husband; "he dies, though I perish myself on the scaffold for the dead!"

"He then told me I must leave the house in a few days. I and little Eugene, where had we to go?"

"God in Heaven!" cried Eugene, "how canst thou sit upon thy throne above, and see the widow and the orphan wronged?"

"Alas, my husband, what could I do? For myself alone I had cheerfully embraced beggary; but my boy—your boy, our Eugene—he that has eyes like yours, could I see him pine, could I see him want?—and oh, Father in Heaven! when I was laid in my grave, perhaps he would be compelled to steal for his bread; Eugene, my husband, for his sake—because he is your child, because you loved him more than life—I married Haldimar! I would have leapt into burning hell to save our little darling from want or sin!"

The unhappy lady was so overcome by her emotion that she was unable to continue. Eugene, who now felt at every word the matchless truth of his wife, would have died to recall those cruel reproaches.

"Marguerite," he said, "dear Marguerite, pattern of truth and love, can you pardon my insane ravings? I knew not what I said."

"Alas!" replied his wife, "'tis I who ought to ask forgiveness! I have been rash—fatally rash. Alas, how can it, how will it end?"

"It will end all well," said he, soothingly. "Leave it in my hands now."

"When I married Haldimar, I told him my heart was in your grave; that I had but a hand to give him. Like a true gentleman, he said he wished to be a father to our boy—to be my friend—to throw around me the shield of a husband's name—the protection of his fortune—and the comfort of a home. Nobly, truly, Christianly has he fulfilled his word!"

"Ah!" cried Eugene, "you dwell warmly on his praise! Do you love him, Marguerite?"

"Banish these unjust suspicions," she replied. "He has won my regard by his admiration of you and his love for our child! No man deserved a more loving wife than Haldimar; it was my lot to give but my esteem."

"Let us think no more of the past, Marguerite—we must busy ourselves with the present and the future."

"The present and the future!" cried Marguerite. "Horrible thought! What is left for me but to gain the pardon of both you and Haldimar, and then die? Am not I the wife of two men? Am I not a disgraced woman? Oh, Eugene, you may, in your pity, say you can forgive me—but it is impossible! I must die! Can you ever again receive into your arms the unfortunate Marguerite?"

"Why not, my dear love?" said Eugene, tenderly. "Behold, here are the arms you first rested in ready to receive you—never again to be torn from them!"

As he uttered these words he opened his arms, into which, overwhelmed by her emotions, the now almost happy woman fell. There, lost in one delicious trance, they pressed each other to the heart, when the door noiselessly opened, and Hortense entered the room unnoticed. Glancing around her, and perceiving that they were unaware of her presence, she quietly withdrew. Little knew that unhappy pair of the malignant eyes that had seen them.

Eugene, convinced of his wife's unalterable faith, felt a renewed hope in life.

A short conversation now ensued between them as to the best method of proceeding under the afflicting circumstances. Marguerite, though as devoid of woman's vanity as a woman of her matchless sense could be, knew Haldimar's sincerity too well to doubt the depth and reality of his affection for her. She felt assured that the intelligence would wreck his peace of mind for ever. "Unhappy, but noble man," mentally ejaculated the bewildered Marguerite, "how little did you deem, when you snatched the widow and the orphan from destruction, that you were immolating yourself on the shrine of your benevolence."

After a pause Eugene said, "What is your plan, Marguerite? Shall I at once seek Haldimar and avow myself? He cannot blame you, since he—my brother—indeed, all our friends believed me dead."

"No!" cried the agonized lady, "that is too sudden; I must prepare him for the fatal news—"

"Fatal news! Is my restoration from the grave so painful to you then?"

"Torture me not, dear husband, by these remarks. Already my brain totters on the verge of madness. But that will be too sudden. Let us consider his feelings; he has been the kindest, the noblest, the most generous of friends!"

A pang of jealousy shot through her husband's heart, but he quickly suppressed it.

"Let me think over this for an hour," continued Marguerite. "I will meet you to-night where we saw you yesterday in the wood. Never did I think that I should live to counsel concealment."

"Tranquillise yourself, dearest wife. If Haldimar is what you say he is, all may yet be well. Your marriage with him can be annulled. Leave all that to me. Kiss our boy for me. I will meet you there at twilight. Farewell!"

As he said this he kissed the tears from her eyes, and was about once more to take her in his arms, when she said in a whisper, "Away! I hear the step of Hortense—my husband's—I mean Haldimar's sister!"

Eugene had just time to rise from the sofa to take his stand in the centre of the room, and assume a deferential attitude, when the door opened and Hortense entered the room.

"I am afraid I have interrupted you," said Hortense, with an ill-concealed sneer; "if so I will retire."

"My business is at end, madam," replied Eugene, sternly, stung with her scornful manner of addressing his wife, totally ignorant of her former intrusion. "I am a soldier from Mexico and had

a few relics which belonged to this lady's first husband—I have fulfilled my painful task." Saying this he looked at Marguerite, bowed and withdrew.

In a few minutes, he was walking to the house of his hospitable host, with a heart much lighter than when he left it—the great doubt had been removed—his wife had vindicated herself—her apparent error had arisen from her excess of affection for his little boy. He, however, dared not dwell on the thought that she had been, even unintentionally, the bride of another—that was too torturing; and whenever that maddening reflection loomed in the distance he turned away from it as from a foul spectre, and plunged madly into feverish anticipations of the future.

Not so with his unhappy though guiltless wife; she sat in a stupor of horror—so terrible was her situation that it even crushed the delight she ought to have felt in the restoration of her first, her only love. What made all worse was that she saw no escape from the misery of her position, and so profound and terrible grew the despair of her heart, that, despite her habitual piety, the idea of suicide took full possession of her mind, and she resolved to rush from the grim face of that hypocritical Rhadamanthus, the World, and throw herself upon the bosom of her God.

In the anguish of her soul, she cried, "What, oh Father, have I done, that thus, in spite of my prudence and my prayers, I should be, by the force of circumstances, made a degraded woman—sure never before was one ever placed with so cruel an alternative before her? Which am I to sacrifice? One heart has still to break—Eugene or Haldimar's! Mine is already broken—crushed. They both are noble, generous, godlike-minded men! Were one vile or selfish, I would disown that one and boldly choose the other. But, alas! how can I plunge a dagger in the heart of either? Mine shall receive it—I will die, and, by my sacrifice, expiate my fatal haste!"

Hortense, who had sat at the further end of the room reading a book, now put her volume down and addressed her sister-in-law with that insolent sympathy which is doubly galling. "I am half afraid, Mrs. Haldimar, that I have annoyed you by my impudent intrusion. I did not know you were on such very intimate terms with the poor soldier—*apropos*, he looked like the rude, ill-bred vagrant we saw yesterday, and who threw your purse at you! Was it the same?"

Marguerite made no reply.

Hortense continued. "Can I see those hallowed relics he brought all the way from Mexico?"

Marguerite, although she felt the mere touch of so poisonous a creature would profane them, took them from her dress and handed them to her companion, who examined them with considerable minuteness. Saying, "So he really had a message for you!" she returned them.

The heart of the poor lady was too much broken to resent the insinuation on her veracity, which these words implied; she, therefore, left the apartment in silence and sought her own chamber.

When Hortense was alone, she resolved to tell her brother all that had occurred; but aware of the well-known affection of Haldimar, she felt instinctively that he would naturally require more evidence than her word, for, judging of others by her own false nature, she never doubted for a moment but that Marguerite would deny what she meant to charge her with. With all a woman's cunning, she therefore resolved to watch every movement of her hated sister-in-law, to judge how she could best strike her blow. Truth and falsehood, vice and virtue are so antagonistic that it requires no cause of quarrel beyond their nature to render them at variance. Indeed, they are foes by instinct.

Thus it was that Hortense hated her brother's wife, with a bitterness which the inferior ever feels towards the superior, and nothing would have given Hortense such pleasure as to inflict upon her brother's heart the pang of proving to him that the wife he so fondly loved and trusted, and in whose virtue all his happiness was centred, was a worthless wanton and a consummate hypocrite.

Acting, therefore, upon her more cunning thought, whenever Haldimar and his little stepson came, she said nothing of the soldier's visit, but answered her brother's inquiry after Marguerite by telling him she had just gone to her own apartment. Taking the child's hand the noble-minded man proceeded at once there.

When they had gone Hortense said, "Poor deluded fool! how will he curse his blindness when I show him what a viper he has been cherishing. Clothing her paramour in rags is a novelty. The dashing officer might have been suspected, but the beggar was safe! but I will expose this paragon—I will watch her as a cat does a mouse!"

With these amiable sentiments she passed through into the garden, to concoct some method how she could watch Marguerite without being suspected of the baseness.

When they met at dinner Marguerite felt, in the presence of her sister-in-law, a vague foreboding of evil, which she found it difficult to account for. When the repast was over she had resolved to take advantage of her husband's usual retirement into his library, to go there and tell him all. A resolve always gives force, and she felt her spirits revive when she had come to this decision; but, unfortunately, as they were about finishing the meal some friends of her husband's came, and the opportunity passed away.

In order the more thoroughly to put Marguerite off her guard, Hortense tapped at her chamber door to tell her that she was going to spend the evening with a friend, and that if she did not return till next morning not to be alarmed at her absence.

With also a strange coincidence Haldimar himself was invited by his friends to accompany them on a visit some miles away, which would prolong his absence till quite late.

"Everything conspires to favor me," thought Marguerite. Unhappy woman, how little do we know what lures us to our ruin; all these flattering signs are but the treacherous enticements which tempt our barque to sea before the tempest begins.

When Haldimar bade Marguerite adieu the impulse came over her again to reveal to him the events of the day, and she was about to request him to postpone his visit, when Hortense entered, like a bat fitting about in a twilight of horror. Haldimar kissed his wife fervently, and took his leave. His cold-hearted sister chatted for a few minutes, and also said good-bye.

Left quite alone the wretched Marguerite dressed herself in black, and mulling her face with a thick veil stepped into the garden from the balcony, and unlocking the private gate that opened into the road, walked rapidly towards the wood where she was to meet Eugene. It was quite dark. Little knew she that a shadow followed her at a distance. It was Hortense, who, with the steady tread of a tiger, watched and dogged her unsuspecting and yet vaguely terrified victim.

(To be continued.)

HOUSE-HUNTING—A TORTURE OF MODERN INVENTION,

Endured by Doesticks, P. B.

To be hung is a pleasant episode in a man's life; at least so it is said by certain ones who have enjoyed that agreeable experience and been prematurely resurrected. State's prison life agrees with some persons, and they rather delight in treadmill exercise; and going up to Blackwell's Island is looked upon much in the light of retiring for a brief season to an agreeable suburban residence, by many of those reprobate members of our social family who are sent thither by the kindness of the committing magistrates. In fact most kinds of conventional punishment have lost their sting to persistent criminals, and if some new disciplines are not speedily devised, criminals by familiarity will cease to fear the penalties of the law, but rather enjoy the same, like the eels that got so used to being skinned, that they were not easy in their minds till they had been treated to their daily flaying.

I have made the discovery; I have found out the punishment that will not sit easier on a man from habit; that he can't get so used to but that he'll dread it more than a burnt child dreads a red hot cooking-stove. I here divulge it, and give the world the benefit of my great discovery, reserving nothing, charging nothing, and without any hope of reward from the Government or anybody else. Let your criminals be *house-hunted*, with various degrees of aggravation, according to the magnitude of their offences.

If a man commits murder, arson, piracy, playing the accordion, or treason, or any other first-class crime against the laws of the land and the peace of the people, *house-hunt* him.

Put him in an elegant mansion with no chance of escape, and then set on a legion of old maids and sharp housekeepers, and economical mothers with large families to beset that doomed man; let them come at him one by one, under pretence of hiring that house—make him show them singly over that house from the sub-cellars to the attic, they of course poking their noses into every room and rummaging through every closet; grumbling at the cistern, growling at the kitchen, and finding fault with the gas; complaining that the parlors are too small, the halls too narrow, the bedrooms too close, the kitchen inconvenient and the dining-room not the right shape; insinuating that the paper is soiled, and that the woodwork needs painting; taking an inventory of his crockery and counting his spoons under pretence of looking at the china closet, and making remarks on his kitchen furniture while pretending to examine the range; and then having put him through these and a hundred other tortures that women are most ingenious in devising, let each visitor last of all, having satisfied her curiosity and seen all there is to see in the house, suddenlybethink herself to inquire the rent, and discover that it is \$250—more than she could think of paying, and that she has had all her trouble for nothing. Keep up this tantalizing torment for a month, and your criminal will either expire in agony, or will be so deeply abominated of the terrible consequences of crime, that he will be a most exemplary member of society all the rest of his days.

These remarks are suggested by personal experience; not that I have trespassed the laws and been punished in this way, but I have been compelled to endure all this, and have not had the fun of committing any adequate crime.

I am going to move on the 1st of May, and the landlord has of course put up a notice announcing that the house is "To Let." Hundreds of people, taking advantage of the customary licence of the season to walk into people's houses and inspect the furniture and domestic arrangements, seem to make that proceeding the business of their lives for six weeks or two months preceding the annual moving day, the 1st of May. A "To Let" notice acts as a bait, and they flock about it in crowds. My landlord baited the house I live in about a week ago, and we've had about seventy bites per diem.

One day I was kept at home by an uneasy toe that wouldn't let me wear a boot, and would only permit a slipper with a big hole cut in the top. When the "women folks" discovered that I was going to stay at home they kindly put on their things and went out for the day, leaving me to "show the house." In my innocence of heart I consented to this—a fact which perfectly demonstrates the unsuspectingness of my disposition. There were a couple of calls during breakfast, but I was busy with the paper, and they were attended to by some one else, it being the policy of the treacherous females not to let me get a taste of the delights of my day's work till they were fairly out of the way, lest I should bolt altogether and throw up the contract. Of that day's work I will give a history.

The first two visitors were schoolgirls, judging from the books they had under their arms; they came together, and made themselves perfectly at home when they found there was nobody to be afraid of but a man. They went from the top of the house to the bottom, making disparaging remarks about everything they saw except the piano, which one of them tried, and then asked me if I would like to sell it, because she said her pa wanted to buy a second-hand instrument to learn on, and if I would sell mine cheap perhaps he'd take it. As they went out I heard her say to her companion that it was "a nasty, mean little house anyway, and that she didn't believe her pa would live in such a house, for he was going to move to Jersey city, and she only looked at it just cause she liked to see how folks lived." I felt that I ought to call the young lady back and address her in feeling language, but I neglected my duty and let her go.

Then there came in rapid succession about a dozen others, all women, for men never do this style of thing. They all looked through the house and were all dissatisfied, generally with the parlors, the first place they went into; but, strange to say, they never found out that the parlors didn't suit until they had critically examined every other room in the premises. One of those persons was a deaf old lady, who took it into her head that I was the landlord; whereupon she professed herself satisfied with the locality, and would take the house if I would paint and paper it all new, dig a new coal-hole, put in a range, buy new gas-fixtures, build a larger cistern, and bring the water into the kitchen, have the front hall enlarged, hang four new bells, set some maple trees in front of the house, and take off a hundred and twenty-five dollars from the rent. It was of no use to try and make her understand the true state of the case, and as she departed in a highly complacent and good-natured state of mind I am convinced that she thought I had agreed to everything, and that she will no doubt consider herself shamefully treated when she finds that somebody else has got the house.

Then came another long string of women, all of whom asked the same questions and said the same things about sleeping-rooms and closets, and gas, and bath-room; all of whom insisted on travelling all over the house, inspecting every room, looking into every closet, opening the drawers in the store-room, trying the window-fastenings, shaking the banisters to see if they were loose, turning the water on to see if it would run in the upper rooms, giving the pump a jerk or two to see if it would operate, scratching the wood-work with their finger-nails to see how many coats of paint there were on it; objecting to everything, grumbling at everything, finding fault with everything, and making impudent remarks about everything.

I have no doubt that every woman who came into the house that day knows the quality, and can give a shrewd guess as to the cost of every piece of furniture in the house; that she informed herself and will inform her neighbors all about the dresses that were hanging up, how much they cost and what they are trimmed with; that some of them can tell how many cups, saucers and plates there are on the china shelves; how many cups have got the handles knocked off, and how many plates are cracked; who made our knives, and whether the forks and spoons are plated or silver, and if put upon oath would be willing to swear what was cooking for dinner, and whether it was

I suppose it is needless to say that my watch, a number of articles of jewellery, and certain pieces of women's gear, were missing next day; and no one will need to be told that the lady in black had walked off with them.

I have now taken down the "To Let" card, greatly to the indignation of my landlord, who threatens a lawsuit.

My advice to people is, to own their own houses, and not rent them of anybody. The advantages of living in one's own house are numerous, too numerous to be specified in a short article like this one, but the chief good of it is the exemption from the periodical invasion of house-hunters. Why, the people next door to me, who have never been in my house before, no sooner saw the card up than they came in, in a body, on a pretence of seeing the house, though it is precisely like their own, and they knew it all the while.

House-hunting is one of the greatest nuisances of our present social system, and we shall never arrive at the perfection of domestication, until some Yankee invents a plan by which every man shall carry his house on his back like a mud-turtle; that will effectually do away with house-hunting, for a man's premises won't fit anybody in the world but himself.

SINCE OUR GOLDEN DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

AFFECTIONATELY ADDRESSED TO MY SISTER JENNIE ELLEN.

By James Edward Hadnett.

I. SINCE our golden days of childhood
Our angel forms I've met,
But none whose gentle bosoms
With mine are beating yet,
With such sweet and silver music,
Or half such deep control;
As the breathings of thy spirit
Now thrilling through my soul.

II. Friendship's flowers bright have blossomed
That withered in a day;
And the buds of love have opened,
Which ripened to decay.
The eyes of beauteous maidens
Spoke faith and trust to mine,
But no heart for me containeth
Such holy love as thine.

III. From my heart has risen incense
As pure as ever came
In soft wreaths from golden censers,
Or warmed a trembling frame,
Before the shrines where blended
The deep and tender vows,
Which burned within our bosoms
And brightened on our brows.

IV. And my songs with one have mingled,
Whose deep and dewy eyes
Bathed my soul while swelled the anthems
Seraphic through the skies,
To the angels who were listening
To the music as it rolled,
And each sacred note repeating
Upon their lyres of gold.

V. But the hearts which once beat fondly
And lovingly with mine,
Have grown sordid, strange and faithless,
While changeless still is thine.
At the shrines where erst I worshipped
My spirit seeks no home,
And the stars illume no longer
Hope's cold, enshrouded dome.

VI. Now when strangers' eyes are gazing
With coldness in my own,
Oh! I deeply miss thy kindness—
Thy dear, confiding tone;
Then the warm tears flow in silence,
And my bosom echoes o'er
All the sweet and tender whispers
Which thy fond love breathed before

PETERSBURG, Va.

THE SHOWMAN FAIRLY OUTWITTED.

THE menagerie was in town.

A rare occurrence was an exhibition of the wild beasts, lions, tigers, polar bears, and ichneumons, in Baltimore, at the early day of which we were writing, yet they came occasionally; and this time were visited by old Nat Wheatley, a jolly, weather-beaten boatman, well known in Baltimore as an inveterate joker, who never let any one get to the windward of him. He was furthermore a *stutterer* of the first class.

Nat visited the menagerie.

As he entered, the showman was stirring up the monkeys and tormenting the lions, giving elaborate descriptions of the various propensities and natural peculiarities of each and all.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, this, I say, is the African lion. A noble beast, ladies and gentlemen, and is called the king of the forest. I have heard that he makes nothing of devouring young creatures, of every description, when at home in the woods. Certain it is, that no other beast can whip him."

"M-m-mister," interrupted Wheatley, "d-do y-o-u say he ca-ca-can't be whipped?"

"I dug," said the man of lions and tigers.

"What'll you bet I ca-can't fetch a c-critter what'll whip him?"

"I ain't a bettin' man, at all. I don't object to take a small bet to that effect."

"I'll b-b-bet I-I-I can f-f-fetch something that'll w-w-whip him. W-w-what say to a hundred dollars?"

Now there were several merchants in the crowd who knew Wheatley well, and were fully convinced that if the bet was made he was sure of winning. So he had no difficulty in finding backers, one of whom told him he would give him ten gallons of rum if he won.

The menagerie man glanced at his lion. There he crouched in his cage, his shaggy mane bristling, and his tail sweeping, the very picture of grandeur and majesty. The bribe was tempting, and he felt assured.

"Certingly, sir; I have no objection to old Hercules taking a bout with anything you may fetch."

"V-v-very w-well," said Nat. "It's a bet."

The money was planked up, and the next night was designated for the terrible conflict. The news was spread over Baltimore, and at an early hour the boxes of the spacious theatre were filled—the pit being cleared for the affray.

Expectation was on tip-toe, and it was with impatience the crowd awaited the arrival of Wheatley. He at length entered, bearing a large bag or sack upon his shoulders, which, as he set it fall upon the floor, was observed to contain some remarkably hard and heavy substance. The keeper looked at it

with indignation.

"Th-th-there," said Nat, pointing with his finger at the bag.

"Well, what is it?" asked the man, with increasing astonishment.

"Th-th-that, i-ladies and gentlemen," said Nat, gesturing like a showman, "is a wh-wh-whimbamber!"

"A whimbamber?" echoed the keeper; "that's certainly a new feature in zoology and anatomy. A whimbamber! Well, let him out and clear the ring, or old Hercules may make a mouthful of both of you."

The keeper was excited.

Accordingly, Nat raised the bag, holding the aperture downwards, and rolled out a huge snapping turtle, while the cheers and laughter of the audience made the arches ring.

"There he is!" said Wheatley, as he lifted the whimbamber over with his hands and set him on his legs. The snapper seemed unconscious of its peril.

The keeper was about leaving the room, when he swore his lion should not disgrace himself by fighting such a contemptible foe.

"Very well," said Nat, "if y-y-you ch-choose to g-g-give me the hu-hundred—"

"But, it's unfair," cried the showman.

The audience interposed and insisted upon the fight. There was no escape, and the showman reluctantly released the lion, making himself secure on the top of the cage.

The majestic beast moved slowly around the ring, sniffing and lashing, while every person held his breath in suspense. Lions are pouncing beasts, and this one was not long in discovering the turtle, which lay on the floor a huge and inanimate mass. The lion soon brought his nose in close proximity to it, when the turtle, not thinking, popped out his head and rolled his eyes, while a sort of wheeze issued from its savagous mouth. The lion jumped back, turned and made a spring at the critter, which was now fully prepared for his reception. As the nose landed on him, the turtle fastened his terrific jaws upon the lion's nostrils, rendering him powerless to do harm, yet with activity of limb he bounded around the circle, growled, roared, and lashed himself, but the snapper hung on, seeming to enjoy the ride vastly.

"Go it, whimbamber!" cried Wheatley, from the boxes.

The scene was rich.

The showman was no less enraged than the lion. Drawing his pistol, he threatened Nat with terrible threats, that if he didn't take the turtle off he'd shoot him.

"Ta-take him off yourself!" shouted Nat, in reply.

At this critical moment, by dint of losing a portion of his nose, the lion shook his dangerous foe from him, and clearing the space between him and the cage with a bound, he sunk quickly in to chew the bitter end of defeat and pain.

It was a fair fight, all declaring that the whimbamber was the victor. The money was paid over to Nat, who left the theatre delighted at the success of his whim. The next morning he carried his turtle to market and sold him. So this valiant champion, after conquering the king of beasts, served to make a dinner for Baltimore epicures.

All that is herein written is supposed to be true, though highly colored, and is doubtless "green in the memory" of many old citizens of the monumental city.

THE DISINTERESTED FRIEND; THE WIFE AND THE CREDITOR.

A YOUNG soldier of four-and-twenty, a lieutenant of artillery, has just married a banker's daughter, with 500,000 francs of dowry.

Lieutenant of artillery! Not a bad rank. Napoleon had the honor to bear it, and the grace to remember it.

At the Conference of Erfurt, during that Congress of Emperors and Kings, the simple satellites of Napoleon, one day at table they were speaking of the old Germanic Confederation, and especially of the Golden Bull of Rome. Its date was asked. There was a moment of silence. No one remembered it. Napoleon spoke—

"1356."

"What, sire!" cried a courtier king, "you know our history so well! When has your Majesty found time to study it?"

"When I was a lieutenant of artillery," said the Emperor.

The words produced a singular effect among those princes all born to thrones. Napoleon perceived it, and repeated,

"When I had the honor to be lieutenant of artillery."

Well, although the grade is a nice one, our lieutenant of artillery did not think it enough to win the hand of Mademoiselle —; so he never dreamed of asking it. But one day he was followed by an elderly gentleman, tall, thin and blessed with a large, pointed nose. This person followed him into the Gymnase Theatre, seated himself beside him, and drew him into conversation. The acquaintance was made. The long-nosed man visited him at his quarters, offered friendship, and one fine day said,

"I am interested in you—have a lively friendship for you. I must have you married."

"Nice proof of friendship," said the officer laughing.

"My dear friend, there are marriages and—marriages. What would you say to 500,000 francs of dowry, with expectancies?"

The officer ceased laughing. In brief, the long-nosed man introduced him at the banker's. The officer pleased the daughter. The father shrugged his shoulders when a marriage was spoken of; but the man of the nose gave such excellent accounts of the young soldier, covered up his wild oats, exaggerated so well his merit and his virtues, had so many resources and ingenious stratagems at hand, that—the marriage took place soon after.

The lieutenant was astonished at such singular devotion, such a warmth of friendship. The day after the wedding the long nose called to see him.

"My dear friend," said the bridegroom, "I shall never forget what you have done for me. I shall always hold you in remembrance. My wife is charming; I am desperately in love with her."

"And her dowry?"

"That spoils nothing. But fancy my happiness! I would gladly have wedded without that."

"Come, come! no nonsense. What should I have done?"

"How—you?"

"You spoke of remembering me—"

"Oh! Can I have the pleasure of rendering you pecuniary service?"

"Certainly. A service for which I will give you a receipt. You will do me the kindness to pay these acceptances, signed by you, amounting to sixty-three thousand six hundred and eighty-two francs sixty-five centimes, interest and expenses included. I could have arrested you or attached your pay, which would have cancelled the debts in about three or four thousand years. I preferred to have you married. Was it not better?"

The lieutenant came down from the clouds. This friend, benefactor, was not an angel, only—a creditor.

VIRTUE.

By N. Rema.

VIRTUE is a capacity of the soul to recognize, to will and to practise whatever is noblest and purest in human thought and action, whatever is most in accordance with the intention of God. We are all born with instincts and desires, instilled in us for the purpose of promoting our happiness, if properly directed; but which, if left without the guidance of that moral power with which we have been equally gifted, degenerate into vice and crime. Example and proper training in youth, the study of the Holy Scriptures, and of other books of the highest morality, teach our awakening reason to discriminate between wrong and right, inflame our heart with devoted love for the latter, and inspire it with the desire to subdue in us all unworthy emotions.

When looking around us in nature, or examining our own wonderful structure, we clearly perceive that the object of our Creator in bestowing on us so many thousand ingenious and beautiful contrivances, is to do good to us as well as to the rest of His created beings; we feel penetrated with gratitude; we find an example before us which that very gratitude impels us to imitate; we feel anxious thereby to give the only return to our kind Parent which it is in our power to bestow. From this sentiment flow benevolence, charity, courtesy, placability. Conscious that our highest qualities are at best but presents from God, we shall be modest and unassuming; and relying on Him for a future existence, we shall be courageous in adversity, and in the performance of duty fearlessly brave, whether it be sufferings, mutilation or death. God not only created, but he constantly preserves us. Nature is never at rest; we must, therefore, unremittingly use our faculties for the improvement of our race, to aiding in the construction of that temple, which scores of generations will assist in creating, and pass away before it be completed—the temple of human perfection.

How beautiful is the aspect of a truly virtuous man! The consciousness of a high destiny imparts dignity to his demeanor and to his language; even though his features be of the plainest, they will be ennobled by the pure flame that burns in his soul. Kindred spirits love him; those who strive after improvement look up to him for example and precept; and even the selfish, the wicked, they who have become the slaves of their uncontrolled instincts, while they hate him, cannot withhold from him their admiration. The divine chord of beauty, which no ill usage can totally destroy, will vibrate in them, and they will bow before him in spite of themselves.

Virtue has her own reward. Under privations without disappointment; in adversity without self-reproach; finding enjoyment in the happiness he has caused to others; without remorse and full of hope on his deathbed, the virtuous man is rewarded in this world, without having jeopardised a further and higher reward beyond the grave.

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COLOSSAL CHARITY FETE.

THE magnificent two-page picture we give in this number, representing the scene under the dome of the Crystal Palace during the Colossal Charity Fete in aid of the funds of the Hunter Woodis Benevolent Society, makes a detailed description, after what has already been published, superfluous. So far as the realization of pleasure by the visitors and the pecuniary wishes of the managers are concerned, it was the most successful affair of the kind ever held in this city. There was never before so large an assemblage in the Crystal Palace; not excepting the inauguration of the "grand exhibition," and never before were so many people assembled in Gotham, who for the time being, up to twelve o'clock, were better pleased with each other and more determined to be happy. The number of the audience is variously estimated between fifteen and twenty thousand. This vast multitude was composed to a large extent of the substantial classes, who are blessed with neither poverty nor riches—the real representatives of American equality and thrift—while scattered profusely throughout were representatives of our more pretentious families, who from wealth and ancestral claims are considered "our fashionable society."

The decorations of the palace were highly effective. The statues and other debris of the great exhibition, were scattered around so as to really ornament and not encumber the place. Banners of various devices, and flags of every nation festooned the galleries. The name of the "Hunter Woodis Benevolent Society," was appropriately displayed in prominent points. Amid the countless jets of flame shone two thousand colored lights, and the vast room was as brilliant with artificial light as if it were noon-day. The soldiers in a solid regiment pitched their tents and stacked their arms with all the freedom of space that they could have enjoyed in a Western prairie. The firemen added their beautiful engines and ladder-trucks to the profusion of decorations. Maskers were in force, among whom were Turks, Greeks, Indians, princesses, flower-girls, a melancholy clown, and nondescripts of all sorts. There were also clouds of beautiful women and blooming young misses, whose sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks rivalled the diamonds on their necks and the flowers resting on their bosoms. From twilight until midnight crowds poured in at the grand entrances until the entire edifice was overflowing with beauty and fashion. The orchestra, unusually brilliant, never ceased a moment from the opening of the palace until midnight. To the sweet strains kept time thousands of dancing feet, while thousands upon thousands were equally happy and interested as spectators.

Such is a truthful picture up to twelve o'clock, when alas! for the reputation of our city, even this gathering, by the rowdies of the city was turned into a pandemonium such as never disgraced any other community, Christian or civilized. The *Herald*, speaking of the closing scenes of the ball in an eloquent editorial, says:

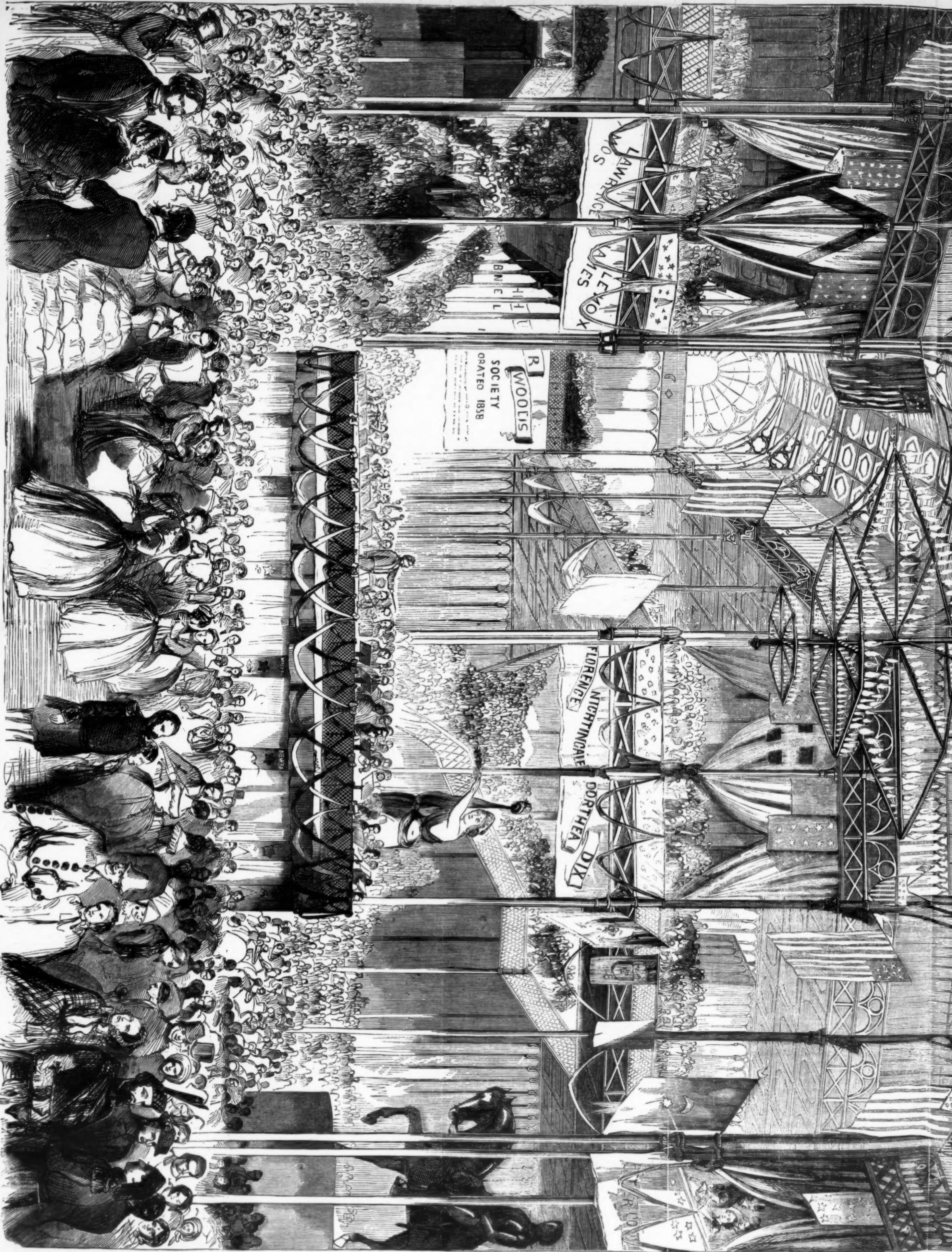
"There were police, who made up for their neglect of duty, as far the 'roughs' were concerned, by snubbing respectable persons who asked civil questions. There was something, which they called a ladies' cloak room, where two thick-headed Germans, with a limited knowledge of the English language, had the custody of twelve hundred packages of women's apparel. Hundreds of ladies were obliged to wait in the palace till six or seven o'clock in the morning—three hours after the ball was over—for their cloaks and shawls. There was nothing fit to eat, and no one to do anything. The only business that was properly attended to was the sale of liquor. There was rum in abundance in every corner of the palace, and the bars were constantly thronged. There was grog enough to float a frigate or to get up a new rebellion in Kansas, or to satisfy the members of Congress during an all-night session. This flow of liquor produced its natural effects, and as the small hours wore on border-ruffianism was rampant. There was fighting, howling and screaming for lost garments. The policemen who endeavored to assist the distribution did it in such a stupid way that they made matters worse. Disorder reigned supreme. Pickpockets and clothing thieves darted here and there like Mexican guerillas, plundering as they went. All sense of courtesy and politeness was lost. People were knocked down, kicked and trampled upon. The palace resounded with the din of shouting, howling, roaring, cursing, swearing and screaming, in all the languages under heaven. Babel was nothing to it. The whole affair was disgrace to the city. People in the wilds of Oregon or the borders of Texas would have conducted themselves with more propriety. A wild Camanche is a gentleman compared with some of the barbarians of this city. The chief blame must fall, however, upon the managers of the ball. It was their duty to see that the several departments were properly organized, with a full and efficient corps of assistants to each. People will never be orderly unless there is a good example set to them, and if these balls cannot be better managed they may as well be suppressed altogether."

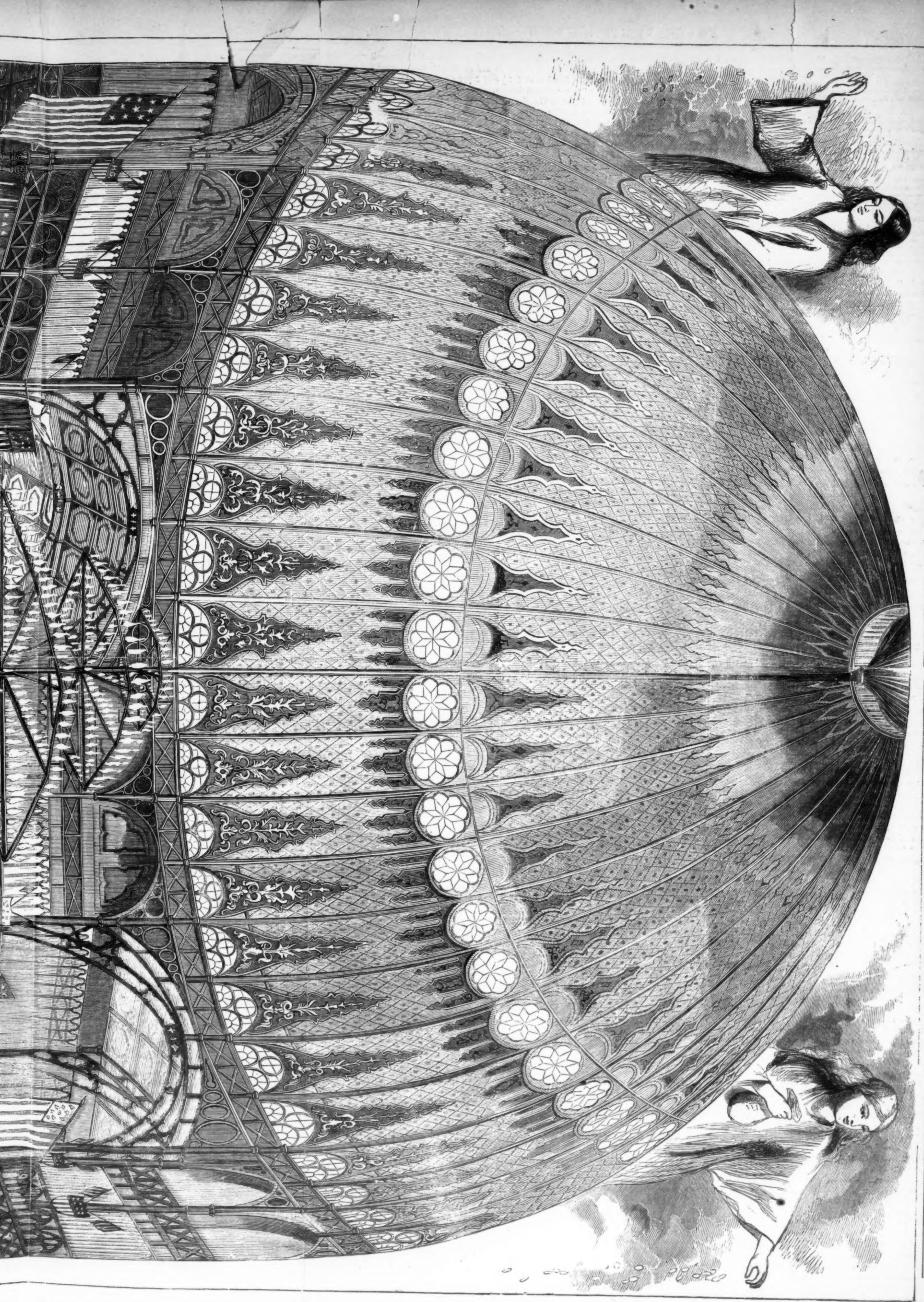
The fact must be acknowledged, that no more public assemblies of citizens, under our present police regulations, can take place. Respectable families have got to remain exiled in the solitude of their own houses, and there tremblingly await the hour when even the sanctity of private life will no longer be respected—the sad time, if a reform does not take place, when society in this city will become disintegrated and resolved back into barbarism. Without revolution we see no remedy.

Anecdote of Lord Jeffrey.

It happened, one autumn, that the late Lord Jeffrey, after the rising of the Court of Session, came to spend the long vacation in the parish of L——. Soon after his arrival the minister intimated from the pulpit that on a certain day he would "hold a diet of catechising" in the district which included the dwelling of the eminent judge. True to his time he appeared at Lord Jeffrey's house, and requested that the entire establishment might be collected. This was readily done; for almost all Scotch clergymen, though the catechising process has become obsolete, still visit every house once a year, and collect

THE GREAT CHARITY FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 8, 1858, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HUNTER WOODS BENEVOLENT SOCIETY. SEE PAGE 311.





WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.
Mr. Bourcicault's celebrated Drama
THE INVISIBLE HUSBAND,
supported by all the eminent artists attached to this establishment.
Doors open at seven; performances commence at half past seven.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Chairs, \$1.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE ST.
Return of the incomparable
R A V E L S.

GABRIEL, ANTOINE and JEROME,
assisted by the double corps of Great Artists, and positively their last performances in America previous to their final retirement from the stage.
Two great pieces,

TERESA ROLLA for a few nights only.

Doors open at half past six; to commence at half past seven.

Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents.

**Laura KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY,
NEAR HOUSTON STREET.**
Miss Laura Keene..... Sole Lessee and Director.

THE SEA OF ICE; OR, A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Doors open at 6½; the performance will commence at 7½ o'clock.

Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—An entirely original Moral Drama,
Written by Mr. H. WATKINS, entitled
THE HEART OF THE WORLD.

Every Evening at seven o'clock, and every Wednesday and Saturday Afternoons at half-past two o'clock.

Also, the GRAND AQUARIUM, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.

Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 12 cents.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.
Proprietor..... Henry Wood.
A select Ethiopian Entertainment, concluding with an entirely original sketch, by S. Bleeker, introducing a new grand Dioramic Panorama, entitled,
THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Stage Manager..... Sylvester Bleeker.
Treasurer..... L. M. Winans.

Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1858.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—In answer to many inquiries, we would state, that in binding the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER the Large Pictures should be folded and stitched in like a map.

Special Notice.

We repeat what we have frequently said before, that we cannot be responsible for any MSS. sent to us unsolicited. The authors of the MSS. that we accept will be addressed upon the subject. The MSS. which we reject we will not undertake to return.

OUR MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING

of the

NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES

at

WASHINGTON.

We shall shortly publish this superb Picture, which will be the LARGEST ENGRAVING EVER EXECUTED IN AMERICA.

Our Artists have been engaged in its production for several months past, its elaborate architectural details and numerous life figures requiring unusual care and minute finish. Its production will be an era in the art of Wood Engraving in America, and we feel no little pride in presenting it to the Subscribers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Usury Laws.

The last great financial panic, if it has exerted no other moral, has at least illustrated the folly of all usury laws. A legal standard for money was first originated by England, when wishing to borrow for herself, she made it penal to charge above a certain sum for its hire. In this country each State has its legal rate of interest, ranging from six per cent. to ten; this legal rate, as a general thing, being a dead letter in all business transactions, only coming into positive play in the loaning of money upon bond and mortgage, or in some investment of solidity; and frequently in these cases evaded by a system of bonus by which the lender gets a much larger price.

Money is as much a commodity of commerce as flour, beef or wool; its price will be governed by its scarcity in the market, and the demand. In the late panic there was not actually a less quantity of money in the country than before; the simple trouble proceeded from the fact that those who dealt in it and had large stocks in hand would not sell. The principle was carried out as in the cotton and grain trade. They would not sell because they feared the solvency of their customers. All wanted money, their debts must be paid; those who wanted were willing to pay according to its scarcity, and its market value therefore went up 24, 36, 48 per cent. per annum, or any other price in accordance with the risk of the seller. Soon came the reaction. Most commercial houses could not live at such rates; they preferred, wisely, to suspend. Those who had small amounts to pay, paid, and the demand for money ceased. As soon as the demand ceased, then came the seller into market with his accumulated stock, but could not afford to hold it when it did not pay. A market must be found. Money went down, down, until it became a drug at legal interest. There was no business doing to use it, consequently no buyers. The holders were looking in every direction for places to put their repleted purses. Railway shares, bank stock, that a few weeks before was spurned, now loomed up, paying dividends from 7 to 12 per cent. when money was down to 5 in the street. What wonder that the holders sought investment. Up went the stock; Third street, Wall street and State street went mad. It was the Utopia of brokers. Uncle Sam advertises for bids for his Treasury notes, and received offers as low as 3 per cent. The market is glutted with money. There is no outlet for it in trade, and if there were, the holder, having before his eyes that vague, indistinct shadow, the usury laws, cannot use it. He cannot, because he is unwilling to take the risks of trade at the same price as he can get for it on bond and mortgage or on stocks. He is denied the privilege accorded to any other dealer, to charge for his merchandise in accordance with the risk he runs in obtaining payment.

In England, the Bank governs the rate of interest; as speculation rises or panic fills the commercial world, the Bank goes

up to check the demand; during the height of the late panic the rate was up to 10, it is now down to 4. It is not uncommon to see money in London at 2, 2½ and 3 per cent., and that while the Bank rates are almost double.

Our banking system is, when the demand becomes greatest, to make the discounts smaller. It was this false system that caused the late revulsion, and all its attendant consequences.

As well might we legislate to control any other branch of trade as the trade in money. All usury laws simply hamper commerce, palsy the young dealer, and choke the active channels of trade. It is not the old standard houses that are affected by the price of money, they are the ones who would uphold the system. As long as it lasts, so long can they shave their neighbor's note, through the hands of a broker, at 2 or 3 per cent. a month. It is the small dealer, who is dependent on a large number of scattered customers through the country; if anything goes wrong with crops or exchanges, he has no funds to fall back on; there is nothing but financing among the brokers, and his note goes to the monied man at a heavy shave, who knows, perhaps, while taking it, that the amount is intended to pay one he has already in bank against the borrower. Remove the restrictions on the legal value of money, and all this rotten system falls to the ground.

Manly Exercise.

Our young men pay too little attention to their physical training. After their daily business labors, which are chiefly of a mental and sedentary character, they resort to the billiard saloons or theatres or drinking-houses for recreation, where they pass their evenings in a manner unprofitable both in a pecuniary and a healthful point of view. Instead of wasting their health and time in these close and heated saloons, how much better would it be to devote an hour or two each evening to exercises in the gymnasium, in the natural development of their muscles and the strengthening of their physical powers. The benefit to be derived from a proper course of physical training is incalculable; it will not be found only in improved health, in vigorous elasticity, in capability to do and to endure, but it will be seen in the increased activity of the mind, in the manly tone of sentiment, in the buoyant spirits and the consciousness of vivid existence. Our immediate attention was called to the consideration of this subject by a visit we paid to Ottington's Gymnasium last week. The occasion was an exhibition of his pupils, when we saw feats of strength and agility that would have tasked severely many of our public acrobats. Contrast these young and vigorous athletes with the puny, wretched specimens of men that every hour cross our path, and the virtue of gymnastic exercise will at once be apparent. We do not think that parents pay sufficient attention to the physical training of their children. They fancy that if they take care of their heads they do all that is necessary, or should be expected from them. They, in fact, expend their brains on the hot-house principle, and leave their forms to be dwarfed for the want of healthy and energetic exercise. This reproach is applicable not only to the education of boys, but becomes even a graver reproach when considered in connection with the education of girls. Boys will run riot and get exercise somehow or the other, but our girls, bound up by the social restrictions which clog their every action, grow up as beautiful but fragile weeds, utterly unfitted physically for the duties and responsibilities of wife and mother. Artificiality is the end and aim of modern education, and Nature, with all its free and beautiful instincts, is sedulously kept out of view, or revealed only to be instanced for avoidance. All this is wrong, but it is not beyond the power of remedy. The evil has been growing upon us under the guise of fashion, which only recognizes ladies and gentlemen, ignoring men and women. The effete race which has sprung up under this baneful influence will die out, and the public sentiment will demand the physical as well as the mental training, that the descendants of the men and women of the Revolution, the heirs of giants, shall not become dwarfs to pygmies.

The Collins Steamers.

We doubt if any sale ever caused so great a regret throughout the city, as the sale of the justly famous Collins line of steamers. The mere fact of the sale is no cause for regret, as the vessels have probably fallen into better hands, but because the sale was compulsory from the withdrawing of the Government subsidy and the want of public patronage. When we remember with what pride our citizens contemplated the maritime triumphs of this noble line of steamers, and how justly based their gratulation was, we feel more keenly the mortification of their failure. The world owes much to the company whose enterprise and spirit created the colossal ships which formed the Collins line. Their advent was the signal for the march in advance which is still moving onward to achievements which the last generation would have scouted as the day dreams of madmen. The Cunard Company had to build vessels to compete with our Baltic, Pacific, Atlantic and Arctic, and this noble rivalry resulted in increased facilities for the travelling public, and a century's strides in the art of shipbuilding. This need of praise will be awarded even by the opponents of the Collins Company.

The errors of the company were many; there was a terrible recklessness to consequences, so that their ships made the quickest time, which gradually got whispered around until it assumed a palpable shape of terror to the travelling public, so that hundreds would wait over a week rather than take passage in these noble ships. This was a serious and fatal damage to them, and one that was groundless so far as the ships were concerned, the blame resting between the company and the captains.

The vessels have been sold under mortgages amounting to nearly a million of dollars. The gentlemen into whose hands they have passed are wealthy, of sterling integrity and great commercial enterprise. Let us hope that under their auspices the New York line of steamers will regain the confidence of the public, and assume that proud position which the magnificence of the steamships and their unsurpassed qualities as sea boats entitle them to.

A New Theory of Acoustics.

We call the especial attention of our readers to a communication in another column, on the subject of Acoustics. The subject is taken up in a novel point of view, and the positions of

the writer are sustained with remarkable ability, and are supported by a series of experiments and facts, which, if not entirely conclusive, force, at least, the wedge of doubt into the heart of the old theories, and will certainly attract the attention of those eminent writers who have made the science of Acoustics their peculiar study. The communication will be read with interest by all, as it is free from technicalities, simple and understandable.

Brady's Photograph Gallery.

By an oversight we last week neglected to give Brady credit for the photograph from which our picture of Musard was taken; accidents of this kind will happen sometimes in the best regulated "institutions." We take the earliest opportunity to make the amende honorable.

Obituary.

COLONEL THOMAS H. BENTON, one of the most eminent statesmen of our country, died at his residence, Washington City, on Saturday, April 10th, at twenty-two minutes to two o'clock. A portrait from a recent picture by Brady, with a succinct biographical sketch, have been unavoidably crowded out of this number; they will appear in our next issue.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

GEORGETOWN, D.C.

I HAD determined not to write to you again, in consequence of your implied rebuke in requesting me to treat with extreme tenderness those *arcades ambo* Senators Spratt and Finn Boyd. As tenderness is a commodity I never waste upon any except young women, I felt naturally indignant, and had resolved to divide my brilliant revelations among Parson Beecher's *Independent*, Parson Corey's *Observer*, and Parson West's *Commercial Advertiser*—since these religious papers never object to a little good-tempered scandal. I was on my way to the post office with my three letters to this famous Cerberus, when I most fortunately met, for your sake, with one of the most splendid "turns out" I ever saw.

"Hallo, Pickles!" cried a deep Herr Formes voice.

"Hallo, George!" was my equally *basso profundo* reply. It was our famous Navy Agent, George Nebuchadnezzar Sanders, in his "curriculo," drawn by four mules!

"Take a drink?" said George.

"Where's your bar?" I replied.

George laughed. "I meant, will you take a ride?"

"Quid rides," I answered, thinking to show my Horace Greeley Latin!

George has not much affection for Latin, so he said, "Yes, you can take a quid while you ride, if you chew, sir!" (choose, sir).

Up I sprang, and in a few minutes we went at a spanking rate down the avenue. George was very amusing; he said that he chose to drive mules because they were so much like men. Byron (continued he) said that man was a *pendulum* between a smile and a tear—now that's nonsense—he meant between an ass and a horse!"

"Don't you think, Sanders," I inquired, "that his meaning was allegorical, and that he meant between a crocodile and a hyena?"

"Eh?" said George. "I don't understand you."

"Why, it's plain enough—the crocodile represents the tear, and the hyena the smile!"

"No, I don't," said the Navy Agent. "Listen to me. You see I have named my four mules. I call one Forney, because he's given to tricks; the one with the very long ears is Greeley; the solemn-faced one is Toucy, because he shies so—while the fourth I haven't made up my mind whether to call him Paddy or Sepoy—he's so dreadfully given to running over women and children."

George is full of anecdote, and we had a fine time of it. He mentioned with considerable chuckle the dig at him in the *Herald* about his splendid turn out, and said that Bennett was so angry at being sold that he had taken up half the *Times* and *Tribune*, *a la Bonner*, with an advertisement of ten thousand dollars reward for the *miscreant* that deluded him. George also told me that the recent illness of President Buchanan proceeded from a terrible alarm he had recently had. As I am very particular in my facts, let me give Sanders' own account *verbatim*.

"You must know, my dear Pickles—quiet, Forney!—that as our venerable Chief Magistrate was sitting in his bed-chamber, not being well that morning—whisht, Greeley!—steady, boy—Hoover came to tell him that a lady wanted to see him—whos, Toucy—gently, gently. 'What's her name?' Hoover said she wouldn't give it. 'What is her age?' asked the President. 'Why, your Excellency, I should say she's of a certain age!' 'What the devil's that?' 'Why,' said the Marshal, grinning, 'between eighteen and eighty!' The President whistled a few bars out of the Phantom Club's 'Leonora,' and said, 'Tell her I'm sick—but if she will leave her address, I will write to her.' In a minute or two there was a row heard outside the door—a strong-minded woman's voice was heard, and Hoover's—in another minute the door was violently bounced open, in rolled the two, one over another, like a couple of German sausages made out of very lively dogs. Seeing a lady, his Excellency made a sly diplomatic movement, and poked his nightcap in his pocket; he had hardly achieved this move when the strong-minded woman was up, and had pushed poor Hoover out of the room; she then locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and sat down opposite to the astonished President. After dragging him out of his dressing-gown and slippers, with a look, she said, 'I'm Mrs. Hominy—I want a berth for my husband! He's cut out for a consul—but I'll be content with a guager or measurer!'

"I'll speak to Schell," says the President.

"That won't do—I'm a Democrat up to the hub, and you'd better fix it right off and give me your word."

In short, he did; and when Case began to remonstrate with him on the irregularity of the proceeding, he cried, "What could I do, general? I'm a bachelor, and agreed to it to save my virtue!"

"This," said Sanders, "explains why he now always has a revolver on his table."

[Our worthy correspondent has been again sold by George. This adventure happened to the excellent Mr. Fillmore, only it wasn't the President's *virtue* that was in danger; but, *vice versa*—we are half afraid Pickles is not quite up to the true Washington pitch!—

E. F. L. L. P.]

After smiling considerably, we agreed to attend Mrs. Gwin's *bal masque*. I went in the disguise of a gentleman, and its novelty attracted universal attention. As none of the company suspected who it was, I was enabled to penetrate their disguises with impunity. I only think it right, however, to add, that as human nature is fallible, so is Pickles, your infallible correspondent. Please, therefore, warn your readers against placing too great reliance in my report. I need hardly add that all the notabilities of Washington were present.

Lord Napier was admirably disguised as a Troubadour; but I found him out by his musical instrument, a Scotch fiddle. The French Ambassador, Count Sartiges, came dressed in a rich suit of catkins; while August Belmont personated a Minstrel to the life—he played the overture, "Judas Maccabæus," on the Jews-harp with great *éclat*. The venerable Secretary of State created an immense sensation in his character of the Great Michi Gander; his make up was very ingenious—one wing being marked Lecompton, and the other Topeka—the South Americans pulled the quills out of one, and the Walkerites out of the other; so that when it was time to fly he had to waddle.

Mr. Fry also caused considerable excitement by his versatility. In the course of the evening he appeared as Mozart, then as Bellini—in another minute, so rapid were his changes, he came in Rossini. We had hardly time to admire the wonderful resemblance, when he

actually changed, almost before our very eyes, into Donizetti. His imitations of Meyerbeer and Verdi were also good; indeed, so wonderfully was all this done, that, when he made his bow as Fry, devil soul knew him.

Bourcicault, the great dramatist, came as Nena Sahib—he performed the part to life. He carried about a scimitar, with which he beheaded and tortured the offspring of other men; for instance, he would take a Manager's Daughter, cut off her head before her own father's eyes and facetiously dub her his *Actress* of all Work. He caught hold of a Vampyre, decapitated it at one slice, and then turned it into a Phantom. Full-grown five act men, and tender things of only one act old, were sacrificed with equal ferocity; in a word, he actually swallowed in blood (and thunder).

[Our friend Pickles has been again most egregiously humbugged—the author of "London Assurance," with his charming "Jessie Brown," are in Boston. We are afraid Pickles is rather green!—*Ed. F. L. I. P.*]

Mr. Bennett, the respected Napoleon of the Press, came as Sir Colin Campbell, and made sundry attempts to get at Nena Sahib, but was prevented by Mr. Stuart, the courteous Lessee of Wallack's, who made an admirable Grand Mogul—the lordly manner in which he told his dramatic company to kneel, while he called them sepoys and other flattering titles, was worthy of Aurungzebe and the longitude of Delhi—the imperial manner in which he ordered a drama-tist to be broiled for his breakfast was worthy of Ude or Soyer!

If I had not already been once insulted by your forbidding me to name Mr. Pratt, I would tell you how much praise his make-up of the Siamese Twins elicited: it was at once artistic, ingenious and original; he had one head looking each way—that is, one looking behind over his left shoulder, and the other before him; if, therefore, one trod upon one head's heels, it was 'tother head's' toes, and vice versa. He facetiously said it was to protect him from the grotters, as nobody could steal a march upon him. You see what an excellent anecdote your readers have lost by your absurd prohibition.

[We need hardly add that we decline publishing the foregoing item.—*Ed. F. L. I. P.*]

There were a great many old women in the disguise of Senators, and also some members of the other House in the *rôles* of rowdies; but as brevity is the soul of wit, I'll be witty for once in my life, and remain, as usual,

PICKLES.

Brad has just called with the enclosed photograph of Sanders' turnout, with your correspondent in it, being driven by him up the avenue. Tell your artist to be very particular about cutting my moustache, and above all to preserve that scientific corkscrew at each end of it. The curl, too, on the right side of the face ought to be cared for. That handsome man at the side nodding his head is Mr. Bigelow, of the *Evening Post*. The colored pusson is Mr. —, of the *Tribune*.

[This sketch has reached us too late for this paper; it will probably appear in our next.—*Ed. F. L. I. P.*]

P. S. 2.—There was a little event yesterday—a set-to between our respected Secretary of the Interior, and a Mr. Besançon. It appears that Mr. Thompson had appointed somebody else in Mr. B.'s place, whereupon the wrathful ejected watched for the Secretary as he was entering his office, and pitched into him. One of the Indian braves, otherwise savages, Er-in-go-Braghe, fortunately was on hand, and was just in time to receive the punch intended for the Secretary on his own nose; torrents of blood flowed; the Camanche whipped out his knife, and was about scalping Besançon, when Joel White rushed between them, and saved the aggressor's scalp. Poor Schell is terribly alarmed, for as he is about turning out nearly a hundred clerks, even if only ten per cent are up to the Besançon pitch, he'll have to get a squad of police to guard him. In view of this, Schell is practising the warwhoop, Billy MacIntyre the tomahawk, and General Ward the scalping knife, to defend him.

[The above account differs so widely from our other correspondents, that a strong doubt of our correspondent's veracity is forced into our mind. The blunder about the young Camanche brave is ludicrous; the heroic youth, the Havlock of Secretary Thompson, who saved him from Ninny Sahib Besançon, is the estimable sub-editor of the *Washington States*! We must demand a little more caution, Pickles!—*Ed. F. L. I. P.*]

ACOUSTICS. A New Theory.

Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

SIR.—It is not my expectation, in offering the following remarks, that they will be at once received as orthodox; but having studied and experimented upon the subject many years, and arrived at certain conclusions in my own mind, which are based upon a theory that is in some respects new, I offer them merely as suggestions, some of which may be found worthy the attention of the scientific.

I shall discard the belief that sound is produced by the air alone—commonly called concussion—producing waves or circles in the air, and shall treat sound itself as possessing a more independent existence; and attempt to show that atmospheric air acts more in the capacity of a medium to convey it to the ear, and is (so to speak) the telegraph wire that carries the impression it receives, and that it is not the first cause. My belief is, that sound is produced by disturbing or breaking the currents of electricity—or whatever it may be called—that subtle fluid that pervades all matter, and is the medium or spiritual substance (if I can use such an expression) of the great fundamental law of nature, that we call affinity, which is so immaterial and imperceptible, yet so effective and general, that the human mind, in classifying it for the understanding, almost involuntarily receives it as an attribute of divinity. But I shall for the present try to view it more materially.

Everything that has life—the power of locomotion—possesses to a greater or less extent the power of producing sound of itself; but as everything on the earth, whether animate or inanimate, is filled with this fluid, it is only necessary to touch, move or strike whatever has no life, when it gives forth a sound that tells of its existence, and of what its nature and material is. For instance: wood sounds woody, metal metallic, and so on through all varieties of substance; and the sound alone gives us quite a correct judgment as to their formation. Sound, then, might be understood to be the universal language of nature.

The law of affinity is well understood in its broad and general meaning to be the attraction of bodies, and the attraction existing between the portions or particles forming those bodies; but for the present purpose I shall term a certain phase or result of this law, sympathy, which I will briefly describe thus: any distinct body that is put in motion, causing what is called vibration, breaks or disturbs the equilibrium of this law, which effect is carried to any other body near by or within its power to affect; and whatever substance or thing it finds possessing the same nature or polarity is affected precisely the same, and put in vibration also, which gives a response to the first cause. Here, then, is an affinity—a new combination, and having formed a new life, desire to unite; but as they are prevented from coming together by the power of the much stronger original attractions, the latter can only give a sympathetic response to the former, which is continued until entirely overcome by the stronger attractions and the pressure of the air. The effect will be much more perceptible if a mere direct conductor than the air be made use of to connect them.

I will instance an experiment that many writers in acoustics have mentioned, viz., the breaking of an ordinary glass tumbler with sound alone, which may be accomplished by tuning the string of a violin or violoncello to the exact pitch of the tumbler, and continue to sound that note; and although several feet apart, the sympathy becomes so great that it actually overcomes one strong attraction, cohesion, and the tumbler falls in pieces. The more general attraction of gravitation, though, prevents it from going to meet the mother sound that brought it into such excited sensibility. I cannot conceive that the sounding of that particular note produces any greater concussion of the air than one near by it; yet so long as the tumbler holds unbroken, that note does really sound louder from that sympathetic aid. There can be no increase of vibrations—they cannot change one way or the other without altering the pitch, the slightest variation of which would instantly sever the sympathetic connection. Again, apply that familiar freak of nature, echo, to this law of sympathy. I will not state positively that an echo cannot be produced that will not be in unison with the sound that caused it, but will say that I never have been able to get one discordant. There may be so many returning at different intervals, yet so near together, that the ear can scarcely perceive an interval as to leave the impression of a confusion of sounds upon the ear; but if all those of different distances be cut off, the returning sounds are pure and consonant with the one sent. The harmonizing laws of nature will not allow discord, except when forced by some mechanical arrangement of man. Their own offspring always speaks truth, and whatever cannot sympathise remains silent, and sometimes refuses to prolong sounds that are at variance, even with the application of the best mechanism. For instance, two sounds may so oppose as to totally destroy each other; as in an organ, two notes have been known to be sounded, bearing such relation, that soon after their vibrations met both became silent. This is explained in the generally received theory by saying that the vibrations, circles caused by vibration, so perfectly meet in opposition that they destroy one another. But I would suggest whether it may not be that when such is the case they arrive at such perfect balance, that one becomes the positive

and the other the negative, and, thus becoming a perfect whole, discharge precisely as much electricity as they receive, and so long as they preserve such equilibrium, there are no currents broken, and they cannot sound, although just as much air passes from the bellows through the pipes as there would if sounding all the time. Suppose a pool of water be disturbed in two places at the same time, the waves passing from the two points in true circles meet; but does the meeting produce calmness? They will mount higher wherever there is an opposing force, which may continue until a general agitation is obtained. But I can see nothing to effect calmness so long as the first and moving cause continues to throw out waves. But it may be said the first cause has ceased, there is nothing to throw out new waves; as in the organ pipes, there is no vibration when there is no sound. True, but what has stopped—the vibration? I cannot imagine that simply the meeting of the waves or circles has caused it to cease, for that operation in water, where we can see the effect, produces a greater agitation; and if the waves do not so meet as to perfectly mingle in motion, they oppose each other, and rise still higher, and send back counter undulations to the sea, re, or starting point, that would almost compel vibration.

If this reasoning be correct, I cannot account for the discontinuance of the two sounds, while the application of the means for producing them continues the same, except as above stated, viz., that the perfect equilibrium of attractions is obtained, whereby they arrive at rest.

As another proof that there is some agent or influence other than air employed in producing sound—something more effectual and refined, I will mention what every person must have noticed—the difference between the sounds of wind in May and in November. Although it may blow from the same direction, with the same force, and over the same unchanged object, say through a pine forest, or the still less changeable window-casement, and there is no similarity of sounds. The former sings of life and joy, and the latter seems burdened with sounds as solemn and impressive as voices from spirit land, reminding us of decay, death, eternity. Is the difference from the presence of more electricity at one time than the other? or can it be that, in the latter, nature's sympathies have united in mourning the loss of flowers, with all the beauties and brightness to which spring gives birth?

Suppose a string be suspended in the air and put in vibration, the sound is heard but very faintly; but as soon as one end is connected to something solid, the sound is increased tenfold and more, according to the nature of the substance to which it is attached. It would be difficult to believe that simply forming the connection necessarily increases the vibrations, or causes any greater concussion of air. But if I admit the action of electricity to be the principal cause, I can understand why it would not sound as loud while disconnected, for the same reason that a telegraphic message cannot be sent when the wire is separated. But, to be more explicit upon this point, I will suppose a sheet of iron or steel, say one eighth of an inch in thickness, with a surface of four feet square. This will have a certain pitch sound, i.e., a certain number of vibrations per second; attach a string of common piano-forte wire to it, properly connected to give the most sound, and when put in vibration it will continue to sound about one hundred seconds, while the strength or loudness of sound (taking the average) will be, say twenty-five. I attach, also, a similar string in all respects, and drawn to a unison with the other, to a piece of wood, which is just sufficient in thickness and surface to give the same pitch sound, the same number of vibrations per second as the metal, and find the string upon the wood continues to sound only twenty-five seconds, while the strength of sound is one hundred—just the reverse of what the metal gave. The one long and thin, the other short and broad, and their sums exactly in balance. These are about the average proportions, and the variations from them will be owing to the different kinds of metal or wood upon which the experiments are made.

Now if air were the only means for producing sound, I should be lost in attempting to account for the different effects just mentioned, particularly while aware that the vibrations and the action upon the air in both cases are precisely alike; and although there can be no greater concession in one than in the other, the result shows a length of sound in one case to be four times its breadth; and in the other the breadth four times its length. But if I account for it on the ground of electricity, I can more readily understand it. Wood being more sympathetic and susceptible, the more readily absorbs the electricity that is generated or attracted by vibration, and a sort of explosion of electricity takes place within the wood, because of its nature to receive the fluid faster than it has the power to throw it off. To illustrate this further I will suppose the string the positive and the board the negative. When the former is forced into motion, the latter instantly sympathises with it and vibrates also; and the attraction between them is separated at each alternate vibration, from one to the other, causing a shock (greater or less, quicker or slower,) depending upon the means and forces used. The cohesive power enables either to maintain its identity, and recover the original position, which is accomplished just as much sooner than the same operation upon the metallic plate as the effort is greater; the difference arising from the fact that metal possessing such a positive and independent nature can quite effectively discharge the fluid attracted without developing sound, while wood, possessing by nature more of a negative character, receives and develops it in a sort of explosion, provided the wood is properly proportioned to the capacity of the string. But wood is so ready an absorbent that it may be increased in breadth and thickness (still preserving the same pitch) as to nearly destroy the sound. A thumb-full of powder will produce quite an effect in the firing of a pistol, but none in a thirty-two pounder; or an electrical shock of sufficient power to destroy the life of an infant would be wasted in the strong frame of a man without effect; and this is the principle to be studied and applied in the development of sound. Hence the necessity of great care and judgment in the construction of stringed instruments which must depend upon the explosive power of the sounding-board for the development of tone. For instance, a string may be attached to the properly proportioned board, to enable it to give a loud and well defined sound; but if the thickness and surface of the board be multiplied by two, three, or more, or connected with a great amount of wood in any way, we shall find the sound deteriorate in about the same proportion as the wood is added—weakened and shorter until it is nearly wasted in harmonic vanishing or those minute and hardly audible high notes.

Again, put one end of a stick upon the sounding-board bridge of a piano-forte and the other end against the ear; when the notes are struck the effect is quite overpowering, and can scarcely be borne when the stick is held between the teeth. It gives a shock very like that of a small electrical machine, and is the same whether the stick be long or short. I have tried it with sticks glued together until they reached through five stories of a high building, and could see no difference in the result. That kind of wood commonly known as spruce is always selected by manufacturers of stringed instruments as decidedly better than any other for the sound boards, not because it is more porous, neither because it has less weight, or is more elastic or spring-like, for chestnut wood possesses all these qualities fully equal to spruce, is as durable, and even more vibrating so far as the air is concerned. But it does not possess that apparent vitality; it will not sound as well. Spruce, when properly prepared, will, when planed and worked, snap and sparkle with electricity in cold weather, as though it were a battery of itself. I am not aware that any other kind of wood will do the same. All this tends to show that electricity has something more important to do with sound than has heretofore been believed.

But to return to this law of sympathy, which to make plain I will apply to a piano-forte properly tuned. Open the forte pedal and strike, say the lowest note, A, and the third, fifth octave, and so on, will vibrate with it, not only so as to be distinctly heard, but can be seen. They possess a like nature, a like polarity, a like existence, and must act under the same law identically; hence the sympathy whereby all are affected by whatever affects the one. Then put them a little flat or sharp (either way), leaving A unaltered, and strike it again. The others are perfectly silent. We cannot say there was any greater concussion at first now, as the cause of their silence; neither can we say that the disturbance of air or the circles formed by vibration were just such as to unite with the other strings at first, and that they do not so unite now, for the result is the same, whether the strings be placed one, two or three feet apart, or within half an inch. By putting them out of unison the sympathetic connection is as effectually cut off as would be the natural operation of the magnetic needle when overcome by some stronger local attraction.

Suppose the bottom of this piano to be four to six inches thick, solid wood. By placing a small piece of iron (say a common nail) in the bottom, I usually find, in running over the keys, but one note or one chord in the whole instrument that will cause the nail to move or jar, and, by changing its locality, find the same note does not effect it in the least. If air be the only agent, I cannot understand why other notes or chords, equally near and equally powerful, should not cause it to move as well as the particular ones with which that portion of the bottom has a sympathetic action.

The laws of sound are inflexible. The more sympathetic a sound is, the more musical it is, as music deals with the sympathies. Stringed instruments, then, having nothing but their own surroundings—the case, from which they can draw sympathy, should be constructed with that view. The case should be a mere shell and as free from all encumbrances as possible, so that every note may readily find some portion of it to sympathize with, and not be bound up with strong and heavy blocks of wood, planks and timbers sufficient for the foundation of a small ship, as piano-fortes, for instance, are now-a-days constructed, which must effectually absorb the sound and preclude the possibility of sympathetic action.

If the instrument possesses none of these sympathetic aids within itself it will be found very defective in the quality of its tone, before a large audience or in a room containing a great amount of furniture. It will, however, obtain some sympathy from the walls of the room, which enables it invariably to sound better and more free in one particular key than in any other, and this will be found to be what musicians call the key note of the room. A violin, however, never loses its quality of tone, even before the largest audience. It may not sound as loud as when in an empty room, but is able to maintain its individuality wherever it is played, being always in possession of those sympathetic resources that are so effective and peculiar to the violin kind.

This theory may be summed up in few words. This subtle fluid is so extremely elastic (in fact that word conveys but a small idea of its flexibility), that it cannot be broken or separated, except when united with some substantial body. When, although its original tenacity remains, the greater tenacity it has to the bodies it holds together becomes still stronger from the combination, and by separating the body, the fluid may be sufficiently separated to destroy the equilibrium for the instant and produce a shock-sound. To explain my meaning, I will suppose this fluid to be the cement—the glue—that binds together all substances. If I break a stick short and quick, there is a sound attending it. The air being elastic and diffusible enters as fast as the particles separate; but I see no reason for supposing that the rushing in of the air should create as great a shock as the separation of the particles from their cohesion. It appears to me unphilosophical in this case to attribute the greatest effect to the lesser cause. The contractile force of this fluid holds the component parts of air together, and constitutes what we call atmospheric pressure, upon the

same principle that it binds together every substance; and certainly a stick of wood is held together much stronger than the air, and when separated, must give greater effect in proportion. Again, when two bodies are brought in contact in the air, the effect is perfectly similar in its proportions to that of breaking the stick, there being sufficient substance in air to cause a separation of the currents of the fluid necessary to destroy the equilibrium. The cracking of a whip, or passing anything through the air with great rapidity, produces the same.

Such, then, I take to be really the first cause of sound, which might perhaps explain why the firing of cannon will effect a barometer a thousand miles distant instantly. Certainly, vibrations of the air cannot travel so totally regardless of time; but if such a thing were possible, as a piece of timber reaching that distance entirely removed from all other sound and counter-influences as effectually as a telegraphic wire is isolated, and by placing the cannon against one end and the ear against the other, I would not be surprised to hear the explosion at the same time the barometer feels it.

S. B. DRUGS.

LITERATURE.

THE GARDEN; A MANUAL OF GARDEN HORTICULTURE. By the Author of "How to Write," "How to Behave," &c., &c. New York: Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway.

This is indeed a seasonable book, and should be in the hands of every one who owns a patch of garden land, be it ever so small. It is small but comprehensive, and treats understandingly of the following subjects: Structure and Growth of Plants; Soils and Manures; Formation of a Garden; Implements and Fixtures; Horticultural Processes; the Kitchen Garden; the Fruit Garden; the Flower Garden; Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, &c., with Appendix. All the points of garden horticulture are taken up and discussed in a plain and practical manner, so that they are easily comprehended by the most moderate understanding. The author was brought to support his experience and study the observations of the most eminent writers upon the subject, so that his little book presents the wisdom and experience of many capable minds for the instruction and direction of all who read its contents. We cordially recommend this work to our readers.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, Railway Engineer. By SAMUEL SMILES. (From the Fourth London Edition.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We have received from D. Appleton & Co., New York, who have it on sale here, the "Life of Stephenson." It is a work of universal interest, for it details the early life, struggles and final triumph of a great mind, which, nurtured among the humblest people of low life, grew into a beacon that the world gazed upon in wonder and admiration. From Stephenson sprung up the mightiest revolution ever created by one simple man; time and distance were annihilated, and the whole distance of travel intercourse changed as though by a wave of an enchanter's wand. Independent of the exceeding interest of the whole career of this remarkable man, so unpolished and yet so earnest, there is a vast amount of valuable information, told in a pleasant way, concerning the early experiments in the invention of the locomotive engine, until Stephenson, combining the excellencies of the various models, made one that was perfect in its working powers.

We have read this work with great interest, and can cordially recommend it to our readers. It is brought out by Ticknor & Fields, with a fine portrait, in their usual style of excellence.

MUSIC.

MUSARD CONCERTS, ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The long agony about Musard is over, and we have nothing but pleasure to look forward to in connection with the professional labors of Alfred Musard. The first night, in spite of a heavy and persistent storm, attracted quite a large and brilliant audience. The appearance of the house was all that was promised. The stage was inclosed, making the whole house look like a vast concert hall, brilliantly illuminated.

The orchestra was superb; so large a body of first-class artists was never brought together in this city before, and the performance, in precision, dexterity and force, was equal to the supreme control which report gave to the baton of M. Musard. Such dance music we never listened to—it is positively irresistible; the stiffest joints become flexible, and the heaviest feet as light as feathers under the influence of the impetuous, the magic swing of Musard's dance-music. We openly confess to having fallen under its delightful influence, yielding ourselves to the luxurious enjoyment.

We have not space in this week's issue to say all that we would say, but shall speak at length in our next.

If Musard's reputation rested simply upon his conducting of the vocal music, it would sustain all that he claims or is claimed for him. It was so immensely superior to what we have ever heard here, that it delighted us more than all the rest. To sum up our brief notice—not omitting, however, to give our meed of praise to the charming D'Angri and the faultless Thalberg—we advise our readers to forget all the twaddle they have heard deprecating Musard, and go and hear his concert. They will find that our notice does not partake of the *courte de robe*, being really less enthusiastic than the facts deserve.

W. MASON AND THEO. THOMAS' CLASSICAL MATINEES.—The fifth of these admirable matinees was given at the Spangler Institute last Saturday, at 1 o'clock p. m. The programme fully sustained the high character of these entertainments, and the execution was worthy of warm commendation. The selections were: Quartette in F Major Op. 41 No. 2, Robert Schumann; Grand Sonata Op. 47, for piano and violin, Beethoven—executed by Wm. Mason and Theo. Thomas; Triple Concerto for three pianos, John Sebastian Bach—executed by Messrs. H. C. Timm, Wm. Scharfenberg and Wm. Mason.

The sixth and last matinee will be given at the same place on Saturday, the 17th inst



In ye foreground is seen ye Palace of Crystal, ready to receive ye Sphinxes and Pyramids.

JONES; OR, YE MODERNE BAR-KEEPERE.

Part IV.—Ye Meetinge.

Ye meetinge com-menceth; Smith standeth on his pinnes once more.

I.
In the canto, this preceding,
Jones's health was given by Smith,
And 'tis needless here to mention
That the toast was drunk forthwith.
This being done, with all the honors,
Some one called out "Chair," and then,
'Midst profound and solemn silence,
Smith stood on his legs again.

II.
He eulogiseth Jones
and compareth him,
indirectly, to ye
Declaration of
Independence.
"Friends," said he, "I need not tell you
That our object here this night
Is to honor one whose conduct
Has, through all his griefs, been right
One whose courage, truth and justice,
In his late most painful fix,
Show that blood which coursed so fearless
Through his sires in '76!"

III.
He breaketh out in
a fresh playce.
"I'm no speaker. More with horses
Has my lot been cast than men,
And my writing's far from handsome.
While my spelling's worse—what then?
In this great, this proud Republic,
Sterling worth's the surest test—
Honest dealing most successful,
And the purest men the best."

He alludeth to ye
Grande National
Bogus Gallerie of
Arte.

IV.
"Moved by this profound conviction—
Which, I trust, inspires me still—
Public friends my zeal rewarded
With the post which now I fill.
And I hope that skill and patience
With success will crown my toil,
Till we show the world a temple
Worthy of our glorious soil!"



Ye meetinge growtheth wild with delight at ye learned eloquence of Smith.

Smith recounteth
ye duties of his
poste.

V.
"Tis my task to range in order
Works of antique art, and state
Whose they are, and where they come from—
What the style, and when the date.
Paintings, sculpture, gems and armor,
Ancient writings, beasts and birds,
Fishes, reptiles, shells and fossils—
All with Greek or Latin words."

He astoundeth his
hearers by his
learning.

VI.
"In our sumptuous Crystal Palace,
Living things with dead will vie,
Bigotry and Virtue dazzling*
At each step the passer-by.
We shall have from Egypt mummies,
Staring through their coffin lids—
Hieroglyphics—several spinkses†
And (I'm told) the Pyramids!

He speaketh vauntingly
of limmers, and oftsoone of
those who carve in
stone, but errth
grievously in
naymes.

VII.
"We shall have the finest pictures
Ever in one gallery seen—
Rubens, Homer, Solon, Smollett,
Mithridates, Keats and Greene;
While our groves of classic sculpture
Represent such names as these—
Phidias, Nero, Mars, Confucius,
Priam, Styx, and Socrates."

He plungeth deeper
into ye mire.

VIII.
"On our range of living fossils
We shall spend such cost and care,
That no sight in all creation
Shall with that great show compare;
While the class that's called *Mammalia*
Shall within its range comprise
Every fish that swims the ocean—
Every living bird that flies."

* Mr. Smith referred probably to bijouerie and articles of virtu.
† Query—Sphinxes?



Smith hands Jones ye document which maketh Jones his heart glad.

He scramblith onto
classick grounde,
and confesseth him-
selfe done uppe,
but nevertheless
believeth in ye om-
nipotency of Uncle
Sammie.

Ye hearers beginne
to comprehendie.
They cheere after
ye fashion of
Columbianes

X.
"Centauras, Satyrs, Fawns and Dryads
Figure in my list, although
What the price and where to buy them
I at present don't quite know.
Still there's nothing Yankee 'cuteness
Can't excel in, live or dead,
And while all the world lies snoring,
Uncle Samuel goes ahead."

XI.
At these magic words the meeting
Rose en masse, with deafening cheers;
Several patriots drank full bumpers,
And the drum, being drunk, shed tears.
Ne'er before had Smith so spoken—
Ne'er before shown so much sport,
So they shouted, "Hi, hi!" "Go it!"
"Bravo, Smith!" and "That's your sort!"



Ye stalwart Teuton knocketh ye spectral Stranger on
ye sconce.

There is peace, and
Smith continueth
his speeche.

XII.
"Time," continued Smith, "is passing,
Therefore must my speech be brief;
We have but one aim this evening—
'Tis to solace Jones's grief.
Let me, then, fulfil my mission,
And with heartfelt pleasure say
That, henceforth, the Crystal Palace
Will provide for Jones's pay.

He handeth unto
Jones, with much
olemnite, ye
deede of his ap-
pointemente.

XIII.
"And this deed which now I hand him,
Blazoned with the city's seal,
Proves, I trust, the City Fathers
Mindful of the public weal.
Though the pay is but twelve hundred,
And, perhaps, sounds somewhat mean,
Fees there are and sundry pickings
Which our friend, I hope, will glean.



Smith lectures the Drummer upon instruments of percusion
—he illustrates it by throwing a champagne bottle at the
Drummer his head.

He addresseth
Jones touchinge his
future toyle.

XIV.
"Sir, your labors will, henceforward,
In our Great Musem be,
And your duties in that building
Will, sir, be prescribed by me.
Works of art, as I have told you,
Claim my own peculiar care—
Simpler things will merit yours, sir,
And your best attention share.

Of Congresses its
thirste for knowing
foreign partes, and
its spending of ye
public gold there-
for.

XV.
"Congress, you're aware, last session
Passed an act by which a sum
Exceeding our most sanguine wishes
Must to this Musem come.
Part is pledged to make translations
And to furnish portraites true
(Say five hundred thousand copies),
Of the Bards of Timbuctoo."

Jones is sore
afrayde, but Smith
appeaseth him.

XVI.
"Yours will be the pleasing duty—
Start not—yours this genial theme!
Lighter far will be your labors
Than perchance at first may seem.
Think not foreign travel needful,
On this soil we both shall stay—
I will take the charge of printing—
You, sir, will disburse the pay."



Ye row growtheth fast and furious—ye chandelier joineth in ye
muss, and things flare up generally.

Smith cometh to
ye joke its creame.

XVII.
"And permit me, sir, to tell you,
That your friends have done still more—
Our trustees have paid you homage
Such as ne'er was paid before!
You have stood, a fearless martyr,
Painting 'neath the tyrant's lash;
This is your reward and triumph—
Henceforth you will keep the cash!"

He scentheth ye
flethe potes of
Egypt, and also
decideth to trust,
in case of neede, to
foreign syde.

XVIII.
"As for birds, and beasts and fishes,
Let not these your slumbers vex;
No, sir, pass your nights in pleasure,
And your days in signing cheques!
As for me, there may be duties
Somewhat past my learning; still,
This I know, if I can't do them,
Some poor foreign devile will."

A ghastlie strangle
stoppeh Smith his
speeche.

XIX.
Scarcely had these words been spoken,
When a spectral stranger screamed:
"Down with aliens! No more Matsells!
Brandon, Engl'nd! Lightning gleamed!
Waves like mountains! Searched the records—
Starving—glad a crust to cranch!
Parent's timepiece! Thieves in council!
Potter's field and Stephen Branch!"

Ye strangle
revileth aliens and
wakeneth uppe ye
wrath of ye
Trombone, who,
being large, smiteth
him sorely.

X.
Had the spectral man been sober,
And some more discretion shoun,
He would scarce have stung to freuzy,
As he did, the Dutch Trombone;
For that young and stalwart Teuton
Marked the spectral stranger's crown,
And, his huge brass weapon raisning,
Knocked the spectral stranger down.

Smith striveth to
calm ye Trombone
his rage, but in his
own turne doeth
violence.

XI.
Smith called "order"—Smith grew frantic—
Smith's small eyes flashed deadliest fire!
No one marked him—no one heeded—
Save the Drum, who called him "Liar!"

There are limits where forbearance
Ceases to be virtue, so
Smith, an empty bottle hurling,
Laid the luckless drummer low.



Ye gallant New York firemen extinguish ye row and ye fire
by a copious stream of ye cooling beverage.

Ye bard singeth
after ye manner of
Virgilus Maro and
other great men
like unto himselfe.

XII.
As the train, by skilful sappers
Laid beneath the city's wall,
Feels the spark, and, in one moment,
Round the crumbling ruins fall;
Or, as wives, but now so gentle,
Smiling, soft, caressing, true,
Change to fiends, if in their husband's
Desk they find a *billet doux*—

Ye fygthe.

XIII.
So, as quick as flash of lightning,
Chairs were smashed, and bottles rang,
Whilst the sumptuous mirrors crashing,
Swelled and fed the martial clang!
Battered cornets—bloody noses—
Shrieks of rage—and shrieks of fear—
Made the hell complete, when sudden
Fell the gorgeous chandelier!

Ye fygthe
continued.

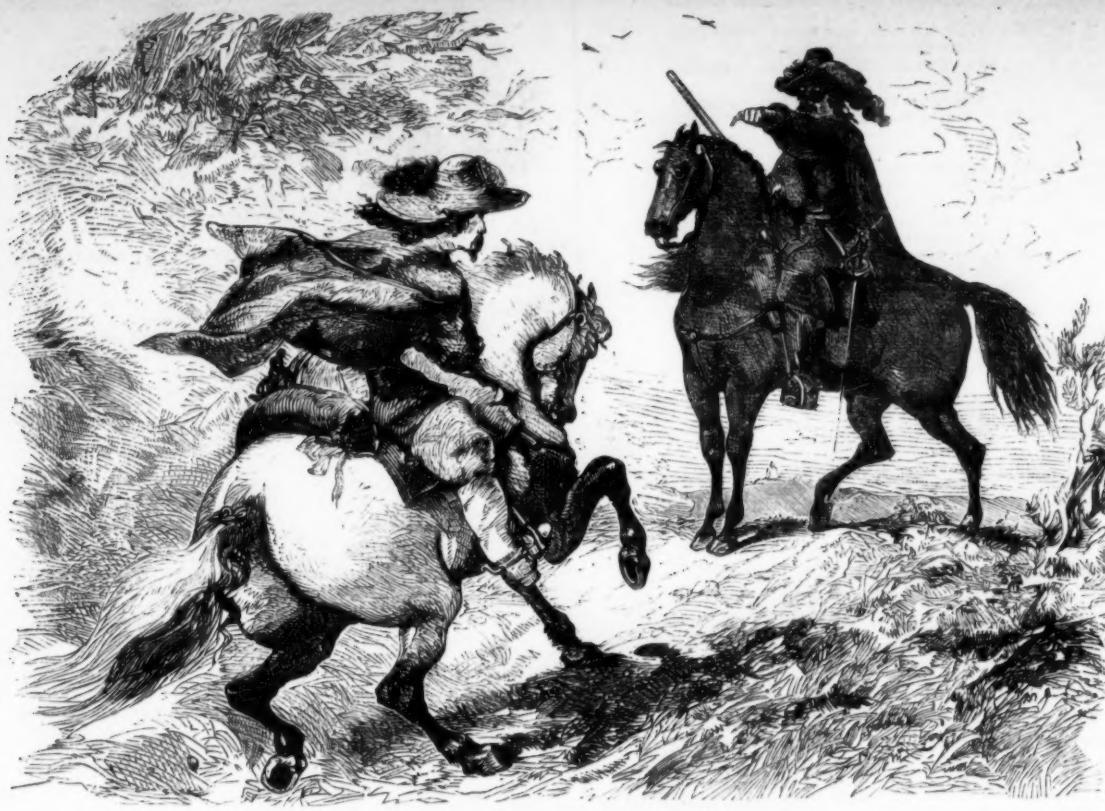
XIV.
By some other light remaining
Those who lived fought on, when lo,
Flames around them wildly kindled,
From the gaseous torrent's flow!
Pushing, gushing, rushing, crushing,
Swept the tide of battle on—
Clashing, flashing, smashing, crashing,
And the well-fought field was won!

What ye piligrime
gathered on
visiting ye fatal
field nexte daye.

XV.
Won by whom? The pensive pilgrim,
As he trod that field next day,
Heard how brave Inspector Muggins
Forced the door and stopped the fray;
How the Tompkins Hose assisted;
Whilst, from further fight debarred,
All were to the Tombs conducted—
Singers, band and Buggins Guard!



Ye entire party marcheth in solemn procession to ye City
prison, escorted by ye Metropolitan beaks.



THE CAVALIER AND THE MASKED HORSEMAN.

THE MASKED HORSEMAN.

The battle of Naseby, which was so disastrous in its results to the fortunes of the house of Stuart, was, in a manner, but the culminating of the numerous evil omens which had for a long time been menacing the luckless King. And the Royalists, now skulking in holes and corners of the land, found themselves hunted from their hiding places with a vindictiveness and a ferocity all the more sharp and embittered, that meaner passions had been excited; and many a slumbering grudge, many a sleeping enmity, many a suspended debt of hate, were aroused and awakened up, so that the reprisals which now took place wore the aspect of a war of extermination rather than being a part and consequences of the horrors of civil war, aggravated, as these were, by the many dark and ghastly episodes of the time.

Among the many stalwart youths of England which the exigencies of the period forced into the decisions and actions of men, were three of about equal ages, and who, however dissimilar in form and temperament, had held each other in the warmest friendship and estimation. The three young men were well descended, belonging to some of the best families of the West and North of England; and as fellow-students, occupying the same class-rooms of a time-honored Oxford college, and dwelling in close proximity to each other, they were looked upon as noble specimens of the lofty friendships which men may form; while their talents were, in several ways, of the most promising kind, so that the future of their fortunes shone auspiciously in the distance. Sylvester King, Arthur Dale and Roger Hippesley—for these were their respective names—led a thoughtless, happy life, until the dissensions of party began to disturb the peace of the people, and the discordant trumpet of civil war to sound throughout the land.

When the King began to act in defiance of his Parliament, and the Parliament, in self-defence, took up arms against the King—when Hampden led the van in resisting the oppression practised against him in the matter of ship-money, and finally sealed the bold step he had taken by yielding up his life on Chalgrove Field—there was no longer a time for hesitation. Matters were imperious—men must henceforth take their side and be true to it; hence arose the necessity for our three young students to part, and also, from a divided opinion, to stand in opposite ranks, and look upon each other as deadly foes, and enemies to the only true cause.

The consequence of these events to our three friends was that the rough hand of war soon separated them—although for a period Sylvester King and Arthur Dale fought in a Cavalier regiment together, while Roger Hippesley took a command under General Lord Fairfax. In course of time, this latter became one of those on whom the Protector kept his keen, sagacious eye, as likely to rise to distinction in the strange changes which were to follow. But Roger Hippesley, the Puritan soldier—who had fought side by side with his stern parent among the invincible Ironsides, who rode down the Royalists in their last desperate charge at Naseby—had a beautiful young sister—a creature of that haughty bearing and dazzling loveliness which united with itself all that is high-born and graceful in the air of a court that had grafted upon its severer etiquette the polish and splendors of that of the French monarch.

At an earlier period, Henrietta Hippesley had shone in the court of Charles, a fair and brilliant creature—thoughtless, laughter-loving and happy—till she had been withdrawn by her stern father, and the horrors of the civil war began, and formed an inseparable barrier between the wayward girl and the splendor she had become attached to.

It had been the custom for the three young friends to spend their vacations by turns at each other's homes. Roger's was the only one where an attraction of a more than unusual degree was to be found. Sylvester King could give them amusement with horse and hound. Arthur Dale, whose family lived in the wild border land, could lead them into the track of the deer, or bear them across the lake in his light and buoyant bark. Brothers there were at both houses, but too young for the companionship of the elder; but in the graver home of Roger Hippesley there was this magnificent young creature, who was so different from the stern, grave-looking person she called father, and whose face grew brighter by contrast when one looked on the serious but handsome face of her brother. She had her mother's beauty, though that was faded in death, and Henrietta had lacked the deeper, tenderer teaching of a mother's devoted heart for many years past.

Thus the early training of Henrietta—surrounded by what was dazzling and frivolous, by those "pomps and vanities" which the asceticism of the Puritan spirit detested and abhorred—rendered the tranquillity of home distasteful to her. By her mother's side she was connected with a high-born and titled Royalist family. This branch the elder Hippesley, since he had been aroused into action, and had taken his share of duty, both in Parliament and in the field, had repudiated with needless acerbity. Beautiful and vain, at the age of eighteen; flattered and caressed at court, and moving in the higher circles of rank and fashion, then remarkable for their elegance and polish, the dull sameness of Hippesley Hall repelled Henrietta, and when the college holidays came on, the presence of her brother's friends amused and distracted her, while at that season of the year a continual influx of guests, coming and going,

lightened the monotony of home, and so far rendered existence endurable.

The result, in fine, was that the two young men began to find themselves strangely moved in the presence of the bright creature who was so witty, so accomplished, and who had such inconceivable fascinations for them. Both hiding their secret the one from the other, had been deeply smitten by her; in fact, were desperately in love with her; and while the one began, as it were, to shun the other—to guard his secret, at least, with the most religious care—some sentiment of envy or jealousy revealed their feeling to each other, and the critical moment in the lives of both was now rapidly approaching.

Sylvester King had a splendid presence and a distinguished bearing. Something high and even haughty, akin to her own nature, might be remarked in his clear eyes and on his white, lofty brows. Of a good family, wealthy, and remarkable for his masculine beauty, Sylvester King was the man to catch a lady's eye, and to win a maiden's heart; and little by little Henrietta began to look upon him with favor, and to turn her ears from the wooing of Arthur Dale, who could not hide from himself the fact that his friend was the more successful rival.

Arthur had not the stature, the air, or presence of Sylvester; but it would have been admitted that, if not so showy in person, so specious perhaps in manner, there was yet that about him in his frank loyalty, his earnestness, his pleasant voice, and his generous nature, which drew men to him, and brought him well-won esteem. Henrietta, when conversing with her brother about his friends (and Roger Hippesley loved both equally well, without having, then, any partiality for the one over the other), could not deny that she liked Arthur—respected him—but then Sylvester was so handsome—had such an elegance of manner—was so gallant—danced with grace—and in fine, she showed that the superficial had more attractions for her—that a glittering exterior had a greater hold than any qualities which commanded mere respect.

And then when the day came, and the two young men had spoken to her and declared their passion—when she made her selection, and determined on her choice—when Sylvester King was almost distract with his happiness, and Arthur Dale was plunged into a fit of gloomy despondency—the latter, with quiet pride, and a heart hurt by some light and scornful words the young, proud beauty could not help speaking—drew himself away—surrendered his suit for ever, as, with a sigh, he confessed to her brother the reason for which he was about to hurry away. Having shaken Sylvester by the hand, and so congratulated him, he departed; and when the three met again, it was not at college, events having occurred which had for ever parted them.

So Henrietta Hippesley was betrothed to Sylvester King, and Roger Hippesley regretted it; for several matters since had, from time to time, come to light, showing that Sylvester was not so worthy of the love and devotion which Henrietta bestowed upon him as he ought to have been. It was said that his family was in treaty to wed

him with the eldest daughter of a house that stood high in the favor of Cromwell—a fact that was not far removed from a double treachery; and Roger Hippesley determined that, should he be enabled to reach the metropolis, he would make the fullest inquiry into the matter, feeling indignant that so open and palpable an abuse (if what he heard were true) should be passed upon his sister, with whose honor and unstained integrity he identified his own.

On the other hand, the anger and the indignation of his father knew no bounds when he learned that his daughter had betrothed herself to a Royalist; and as these feelings had become embittered by some three or four years of broil and constant battles—by desperate sieges, reciprocal deeds of vengeance, and the fearful issues of stricken fields—they were only the more confirmed and established.

It had once happened that after a desperate skirmish between a party of Royalists and Parliamentarians, the latter, being routed, in hastening from the field where the dying and the dead showed how fierce the fight had been, made towards the ancient hall where the Hippesleys, as country gentlemen, had dwelt for generations.

During these troublous times, too, it had been strengthened and fortified sufficiently to resist an attack from the numerous parties of stragglers which scoured the country from time to time; and knowing the zeal of its owner, this party of some score or so of horse had no doubt but that there they should receive help and shelter. A mile or two of advantage which they had gained, and some sharp riding, placed them within the walls, where the stout old Puritan's daughter received them, but not with any special good grace, for her sympathies were with the Cavaliers, of which party her lover Sylvester was, in a manner, a type; and whatever else he had heard to his disadvantage was effaced by the reputation he had achieved for reckless bravery—though the name of Arthur Dale fairly rivalled it, without having the stain of any excess to detract from the honors with which it was associated.

Food and refreshments were liberally enough bestowed upon the faint and weary soldiers, who had ridden long after a hard and fiercely contested fight; and their leader having made his acknowledgments for the succor received, they were about to mount their horses and take their departure at once, when the sound of a trumpet and the crackle of dropping shot from musketoon and petrone, added to the fierce cries of men and the clatter of horses' hoofs, told them that they were surprised, and that the Cavaliers, with their numbers increased upon the way, were upon them.

All was now alarm and confusion. The court-yard became a scene of slaughter, for the Cavaliers fought with the rancor of defeated hopes—this being a mere temporary success—and the Puritans fought with a fury as dogged and decided; and while some few escaped, the greater part were slain or wounded, and they were about to fire the house, when a horseman, whose foaming bit and steed's bleeding sides told the hot haste he had made, dashed among the Cavaliers, and bade them hold their hands.

It was Arthur Dale who had a command in the regiment, and who came up just at the instant when the few who were being actually massacred—and whose bravery might have won forbearance—were spared, out of the respect which the men still paid towards their commanding officer.

But, in the meantime, a singular scene was passing within the hall.

The Cavalier party was actually commanded by Sylvester King, who, at the very moment that his men were committing murderous excesses upon the surprised Puritans, was actually having an interview with Henrietta; and forgetful of all the ties which bound him to respect her, and for her sake those who dwelt beneath the shadow of the old Puritan's roof, was proposing to her the base plan of flight with him.

She knew that he lay beneath her father's ban—that he held the young man, whom he had once received with cordial esteem and affection as the friend of his son, in contempt and detestation. Besides the feelings of party, instances had occurred in which the brilliant young Cavalier—with his elegant person, handsome face, long, curling hair and twisted love locks, his fine and picturesque costume enhancing his personal graces—had shown an innate tendency to the viler excesses of his age—that he was intemperate, debauched and cruel.

Old Hippesley proved to his daughter that he had become an apt pupil of the elegant but ferocious Claverhouse; and urged this, among the rest, as his reasons for her obliterating him from her memory. Finally, that he was paying his court to another, and had forgotten her.

But when the beautiful girl beheld him before her—her hero-lover, as to her partial and distempered fancy he really was—when she looked on the face—handsome, though worn—with his gay and reckless bearing, and heard the voice that was so dear to her, she forgot all in the bliss of the meeting—for got that the men he commanded were slaying her father's partisans, and were dooming her own ancient home to the flames; and so greatly had she become infatuated with him, that the daring proposals he made scarcely gave her a shock—that the equivocal plea on which he sought, at that terrible hour, to overthrow the last bonds which bound her to her father, her brother, her home, her hearth—over which she was yet an honored mistress—had almost ceased to startle her—she was almost yielding.

"Miscreant!" exclaimed a deep, harsh voice emanating from one corner of the chamber. "Despiser of that which you should hold most holy! Traitor to that trust which you should, in your very profession, hold most sacred! Do you show yourself to this deluded girl in your true colors? And you, fickle and foolish" (turning to his daughter, who stood pale and trembling), "do you listen to the blandishments of him who would woo you to your dishonor and ruin, and whose hand is even now lifted against the life of him to whom you owe your being?"



ARTHUR DALE ARRESTED BY SYLVESTER KING.

Sylvester had recovered from his surprise by this time, and believing that the Puritan was alone and unfriended, for he also seemed to have ridden hard for his life, and to have entered his house by a secret way, the Cavalier, with a laugh of irony and a bow of mock respect, said,

"Save you, good sir, I was returning good for evil, you will perceive, and repaying the father's hate by loving his daughter. We are the victors to-day, and you will do well to yield to the chances of war."

"Thou liest, man! and that will soon be seen. So release your hold and quit the chamber your person pollutes; for even her presence shall not protect you from my vengeance!" And as he spoke he drew his sword and advanced, with a dark brow and a flashing eye, to part them.

But as if this had roused up all that was bad in his nature, Sylvester, who had been irritated by the Puritan's words, seized a pistol in his belt, and pointing it full at his opponent's breast, fired, and the bullet struck him in the shoulder, so that the sword fell out of his nerveless hand.

"Spare him! In Heaven's name do not lift your hand against my father!" shrieked Henrietta, as she, in turn, sank fainting into a chair.

"What ho, there!" shouted Sylvester, stamping his foot as two or three troopers entered. "Here, corporal, we have found a prize. Take your belts and strap up the old Roundhead in one of your saddles, and let two men guard him. He will do for ransom, if he can be of no other use." And while the men, with but little tenderness, bound and bore the wounded Puritan away, Sylvester turned towards Henrietta, having determined to take her away with him, when Arthur Dale, fearing some mischief might happen to her whom he loved better than life, entered the chamber.

He was horror-stricken at the sight, and burst into a torrent of reproaches against his quondam friend and superior officer; and, in the heat of the moment, their swords crossed, and the chamber became the scene of a deadly combat—Sylvester being severely wounded, and only rescued by the entrance of others of his men. In the revengeful feeling which actuated him, Sylvester ordered them to seize upon Arthur; and putting him under arrest for lifting his hand against his superior officer, he deprived him of his sword, and sent him away guarded. A body of them, commanded by a corporal, had already quitted the hall, bearing the elder Hippesley with them. Henrietta had, in the meantime, escaped with her nurse into some secret recess of the old hall.

But in turn—and the chances of those days changed with almost every hour of the day—fresh danger now threatened the Cavaliers; for others of the fugitive Puritans, meeting with a body of Parliamentarians that the Roundhead officer had left a little behind him on the road, joined together, and scouts coming in affirmed that they were advancing in some strength to the hall, and that the word was "Boot and saddle, and away!"

They were so far successful. Hippesley was borne away a prisoner, weak and fainting from his wound, and, led by Sylvester King, was carried to the Royalist's camp some miles away. Another body, having Arthur Dale, still under arrest, hurried on towards headquarters; but this was not so fortunate, for, meeting with a strong reinforcement about to join the forces of Cromwell, it was surrounded by the enemy and taken in turn—Arthur becoming thus a prisoner to Roger Hippesley, who commanded the force, and who instantly liberated him on his parole. It was not long, therefore, before the friends had exchanged confidences, and Roger learnt what a debt he owed to Sylvester for having sought to slay his father so foully, and to make his sister forget her duty.

The battle of Naseby—which occurred some weeks later—was over, and the forces of Charles were scattered like chaff before the wind, while the King himself was hurrying northward to place himself under the protection of the Scots, who were at Newark, and his devoted adherents were housing themselves in such places of safety as they could find; such as were enabled, once more following his broken fortunes, and illustrating a fidelity which it is difficult to find in any other eventful chapter in history.

It was on a bright and breezy noon, some time after Naseby was fought, and while the King was seeking once more to negotiate with the Parliament, and the sword of doom was swinging, like that of Damocles, over his hapless head, that a solitary horseman might have been seen crossing, by a bridle road, a section of that part of Charnwood Forest, or what was left of it, which shortened the distance, by some few miles, between a town yet held for the Royalists, but which was being now riddled by the cannon of Cromwell's gunners, and fast yielding to fate.

The horseman was Sylvester King, and though his bravery bore all the characteristic stamp of the Cavalier, and his handsome face was haggard and worn, a certain smile on his lip, and a certain flush in his eye gave him an air of fierce exultation, which was none the more agreeable because it took so sinister an aspect.

As he was urging his steed over a rising ground, and turning over in his mind the prospects which were working in his breast, he saw, on the opposite verge, rising to meet him, a masked horseman in the guise of a Cavalier, who pulled up his strongly-built animal in the front, as though he intended to dispute the pass.

The first horseman, on seeing the second, felt a moment's distrust. There were reasons for this.

The stern, steady aspect of the man, who evidently had a purpose for being there, cowed Sylvester; for he was conscious of a villainy which he intended, and this same consciousness unnerved him.

"Halt!" cried the masked horseman. "You carry some papers I require!"

In effect, Sylvester King had these important papers on his person.

One paper was the death-warrant of Arthur Dale—yielded to his party, by the way, as an exchange of prisoners—and which Sylvester had obtained from Claverhouse in a fit of pitiless malignancy, Henrietta having meanwhile been removed to safer keeping in the metropolis and where her pseudo lover dared not seek her. This warrant the false lover and the forsaken friend had sworn to put into force.

Another was one of those absurd papers which Charles had been prevailed upon to grant by his most mischievous advisers—a sequestration of the home and property of the Hippesleys in Sylvester's favor, and the sanction of a broken king for the hand of the daughter of one of his conquerors.

A third was even more wicked, for it comprehended false charges against his old companion, fellow-student and friend, young Roger Hippesley, calculated to do him fatal service with Cromwell, who was as jealous and suspicious as he was discerning, and, at times, magnanimous and grateful.

"Halt!" cried the masked horseman, in a low, deep tone of voice, which yet thrilled upon the heart of the listener.

This voice was one of old—familiar, well known, even loved once by him, who had given the reins to his uncontrolled impulses, and he felt the blood growing a moment still at his heart.

"Whose voice was that?"

It was that of the young Puritan leader, Roger Hippesley, who, having disguised himself, had, with great boldness and address, passed through a body of Cavaliers, and who now, with the dark and hideous mask, ominous as that which the headsman wears, stood there to bar the path of the betrayer and to stay the mischief his fatal brain had given birth to.

"Who dares to stop me?" cried Sylvester, drawing a petronel and seeking to discharge it, uselessly, however, for, by accident or design, it flashed in the pan.

"Traitor! false friend—blot upon the very cause which some noble hearts have almost rendered holy—yield the papers you carry about you, or you yield your life!"

"Ha, Master Hippesley! do you follow the old practices of these forests, and set your life upon so loose a cast of the die?" exclaimed Sylvester, in the scoffing voice which had once been so honest and cheery.

"You would have slain my father, and foully; you would assassinate your friend; you would have robbed me of my sister. You have in me the man who avenges these wrongs, which in your black purpose have become crimes!" And Hippesley riding at him, their swords crossed, and their horses came into such fierce collision that the Cavalier was forced to leap off to avoid falling.

The next moment beheld a short but deadly duel begun.

Three passes—one for each piece of villainy—saw Sylvester King lying stark and dead on the ground, his set teeth and drawn lips yet grinning in mockery at the sky.

And then—risking his life upon the chances of war, risking all that was dear to him upon the daring that had made him journey

miles to know the man's full intentions ere he would thoroughly believe his old companion's villainy—Roger rifled his doublet of the papers, and then, by a circuitous route, arrived in safety at his own quarters.

As a measure of gratitude, means for the rescue of his father—then easily managed—out of the hands of the Royalists, were then taken, and the old man was restored to his son.

The freedom of Arthur Dale had been arranged beforehand. The sequestration of the estates of the Hippesleys, signed by Charles, was torn by the hands of the Protector with a single "Pish!"

And ere long followed the union of Henrietta with her worthier lover, who, having learned the value of simple, outer show, began to learn that there was an inner worth which might bring her a blessing to cultivate.

And through the still troublous times of the Restoration, she found that when her brother, for his old adherence to the Parliament, had won himself a dangerous celebrity, her own husband, now dearly loved, was able, by a nobly-won influence, in turn to pay off the debt.

And thus the "Masked Horseman" played in that Protean drama one of those Protean parts which it was given to the men of those turbulent times to perform.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

SCENE IN A COURT ROOM IN CALIFORNIA.—A case of considerable importance to the interested parties had occupied much time of the court, and at last was given to the jury, who retired to make up their verdict. Having arrived at their conclusion and made up a sealed verdict, they were awaiting their release, when a fly tap was heard on the window outside, in the pitch darkness of the night. One of the jurors, of a waggish turn, raised the window, and asked,

"What's wanted?"

"Outsider. "How does the verdict go?"

"Wag. "Rather sticky."

"Outsider. "How much will it take to ease it up?"

"Wag. "About an ounce a piece."

"Outsider. "Here is ten dollars a piece; and if not enough, let me know, and you shall have the rest."

The jury, consulting together, decided they must have the ounce; and tapping on the window, the man again appeared, when he was informed the ounce must be made up. He soon returned with it, and the scene closed for the night. When the verdict was opened, judge of the chagrin and disappointment of the liberal outsider to find the verdict against himself. He never had said how he wanted it, and moreover it had been made up and sealed previous to the colloquy.

At one time, Ned was raking hay in the field; the sky was overcast, and there was every appearance of a shower.

"Come, hurry up, Ned," said the doctor, "we are going to have rain."

Ned stopped raking, leaned lazily on the handle of his rake, took a squint at the clouds, and said:

"Shouldn't wonder, Dominie, if we did have a shower; but I think it will be only dry rain."

"A dry rain?" replied the doctor; "who ever heard of a dry rain?" Ned put on a very quizzically serious face, and looking at the doctor, inquired,

"Dominie, do you ever read the Bible?"

"You know I do, Ned; why do you ask me such a question as that?"

"Well, then, don't you think as how when it rained fire and brimstone on Sodom and Gomorrah, it was a very dry rain?"

"How do you and your friends feel now?" said an exultant politician in one of our Western States, to a rather irritable member of the defeated party.

"I suppose," said the latter, "we feel just as Lazarus did when he was picked by dogs."

MY TRUST WAS ALL IN THEE.

My trust was all in thee—was all in thee;
I told thee it was so; thy answer thrilled
With fine emotion, and thy blue eyes filled
As straying went we by the playful sea;

Who, marking then thy elevated brow
And gentle features, would have dared to say—

Beware, she trifles with thy earnest vow,
For fickle is she as a wind of May?

Oh! better had I given to the foam
The heart I gave to thee; for then its war
With misery had been for ever o'er;
But now it has nor happiness nor home;

Like the lark, that seeks with wounded wing
Triumphant skyward from the ground to spring;
Each step it ventures to the shades of Hope,
But wakes an agony no change can cope.

Forget the wandering dupe, and be as blithe
As they can be who consummate a wrong;
But if in after years thy heart should writh,
When conquest falters—when the days are long,

And conscience gathers with a troubled eye
The memories and melodies of youth—

Perchance the echo of my slighted truth
May steal across it, and awake a sigh!

It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial a witness (Mr. Brown) was called to the stand to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

Lawyer (with a bland and confidence-invoking smile)—"Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

Witness (with a merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturbable)—

"A-straddle, I believe, sir."

Lawyer (with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation upon his cheeks, but still speaking in his smoothest tones)—"But, sir, what gait does he ride?"

Witness—"He never rides any gate, sir. His boy rides all the gates."

Lawyer (his bland smile gone and his voice slightly husky)—"But how does he ride when in company with others?"

Witness—"Keeps up, if his horse is able; if not, he goes behind."

Lawyer (triumphantly, and in perfect fury)—"How does he ride when he is alone, sir?"

Witness—"Don't know—never was with him when he was alone."

Lawyer—"I have done with you, sir."

A FARMER told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had an excellent gun that went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although not charged.

"Wonderful gun, indeed," said the sportsman; "but how the deuce did it happen? Must have been an Irish gun."

"Not at all," said the farmer; "the thief and it went off together, and before I had time to charge him with it."

CHESS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

PUBLIC GRATUITOUS CHESS-PLAYING IN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.—We believe that the little public Chess-playing which has been done in New York and Brooklyn up to the present time has done more towards diffusing that general taste for the game which, it is acknowledged, now exists throughout our entire country, than any other influence whatever, excepting only that of the public press. Club organizations, except so far as their doings reach the newspapers, do very little towards popularizing the game. Without stopping to argue the point we will merely present a few facts, and leave the reader to judge for himself how great the influence of public playing must have been in fostering and extending a common taste for the game. About the years 1840, 1847 and 1848 there was a single board and set of men at the billiard-room of M. Estephe, on the corner of Broadway and Fulton street. M. Estephe was himself a fine player, but occasionally might be seen, of an afternoon, playing with him, or with each other, those fine players, D. S. Roberts and N. Marache. It was there that Mr. Marache reached his present strength of play. Col. Mead would sometimes drop in and have a quiet game. We know of no other players of note who visited Estephe's rooms. From the closing of Estephe's rooms to the latter part of 1854 we are not aware of any public Chess playing in the city. About the time last mentioned might be seen, on any afternoon, from one to three o'clock, at an unknown saloon on the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, two gentlemen playing at Chess. The board was about ten inches square, and broken in two pieces, the pieces being laid together on the table, and adjusted from time to time, as the peculiar violence of one of the players would drive things all awry. The men were of the large club size, and in a lamentably dilapidated condition, and of such dimensions that when they were placed upon the pieces of the little leather board they were crowding, upsetting and jostling each other in the most lively manner. There were usually the two players and one looker on. The brave remarks and terrible style of one of the players at first misled the observer, who scarcely knew the moves, leading him to believe that the unfortunate quiet French gentleman was about to be most mercilessly used up and reduced, in fact, pulverized to the extremity of nothingness. But the looker-on very soon discovered that the quiet French gentleman not only gave the odds of the Rook, but won all the games. The dashing brave, from the fair land of Poland, never did, but always was to win. The quiet French gentleman was Mr. Bally, his opponent was Mr. Keller, and the looker-on was myself. But very soon Mr. Limburger was induced, through our powers of persuasion and the influence of Mr. Heilbuth, not only to replace the miserable little leather board with a new and larger one, but also to provide more boards and men, which he did without much grumbling. Soon new players began to appear; and, in something

like the following rotation, during 1855, they took their places at the boards: Möhle, Shultz, Roberts, Eschwege, Wilhelm, Schuffner, Channing, Hamilton and others. We very well remember the afternoon on which a certain distinguished player made his first appearance in the down-town Chess circle. An argument was being had on a Pawn end-game, as to whether or not the game could be drawn. A quiet, gentlemanly, pleasant-speaking young man, an entire stranger, sitting at the table, suggested that the game could be drawn. A small wager of refreshments was proposed to the stranger that the game could not be drawn, which wager was quietly accepted, and after a few moves the game was clearly drawn. The stranger was Lichtenstein, and the victim Frere. During the year 1856, and following close upon the débâcle of Mr. Lichtenstein, came Elidor Fuller (who on his first appearance was made a victim of by Mr. Bally), then came Marache, Dr. Raphael, Col. Mead, King, Thompson, T. L. Loyd, S. Loyd, Perrin, Stanley, Dodge, Horner, Weekes, Montgomery, Philip, Pelham, Knott, Ayres, Dr. Schmidt, of Cincinnati; Mr. Ferguson, of Lockport; Judge Meek, of Alabama; Julien, Tolman, Jee, Wheelwright, Relf, Quimby, Howells, Eilditz, Kind, Schmidt, of Brooklyn; Fiske, Oscanyan, Hines, Friedrichs, Hazeline, Cooper, Byrne, Wolfe, Beaman, Carries, Pollack, Rice, Dr. McNulty, Sweet, Keyser, Faine, Clark and many others with whose names we are unacquainted. The following year, 1857, gave an additional number of promising amateurs, but no players of note. Among others were Fletcher, Croley, Hicks, Crawford, Hinde, Friedrichs the younger, Hall, Gillet, Tilton and many others. In February, 1858, Limburger's rooms were closed. The writer of this, feeling the importance of immediately assembling the players at some other place, called upon Mr. John Bechtel, 120 Fulton street, near the old spot, and made arrangements with him to remove his billiard table and provide accommodations for the Chess-players, which he has done in the handsomest manner and without charge. At his room may be seen daily, between one and six p. m., from twenty to thirty-five of the strongest players of the day, many among them from Brooklyn. Strange as it may seem nearly one-half of the players named herein belong to Brooklyn; among the number Roberts, Knott, Horner, Philip, Weekes, Jee, Kind, Shuffner, Pelham, Ayres, Schmidt, Hinde, are fine players—members of the Brooklyn Club, which, by the way, ought scarcely to be restricted to the name of a club, as their rooms, at 130 Atlantic street, are open and free to the public as Bechtel's. With the above sketch before the reader, let him decide whether public Chess-playing has or has not advanced the interests of the game. Some have doubted its beneficial effect upon the Clubs.

BLANK DIAGRAMS AND BLANKS for the recording of games will be supplied gratuitously to the Chess contributors of this paper, on receipt, by the Chess editor, of postage stamps sufficient to pay the return postage of the number wanted. We make this offer in self-defence, for some of the diagrams and recorded games sent in are, to us, almost undecipherable, though no doubt perfectly satisfactory to the contributors themselves. Correspondents will confer a favor on us by infusing as much legibility into their compositions as possible.

The Monarch of the Monthlies!
FOR MAY, 1858.

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Crocus, Wood-Sorrel, Snowdrop.
JAVA AND THE JAVANESE—Java House and Out-Build-
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